

All the day the snow came down
On the meadows bare and brown;
All the day and all the night,
Till the world was still and white.
When the sun rose, clear and round,
What a fairyland we found!
Every twig on every tree
Trimmed with sparkling filigree.
Not a flaw his light reveals
In the smooth untrodden fields;
Yet an hour's time can bring
Track of many a living thing.
Here a flock of snow-birds came,
There a rabbit signed his name;
Here a dog with ghoulish glee
Cnased poor "Fanny" to a tree.
To the barnyard gate and back
Lies a deeply trodden track.
Those great boot heels plainly say,
"Jim has been abroad to-day."
Little poetry in Jim,
Yet the snow scene pleases him.
Underneath the snow-hung shed
Stands a sleigh that's painted red.
This he views with modest pride,
"Bessie Grey shall have a ride."
(Pretty girl is Bessie Grey,
Lives a half a mile away.)
When to-night beneath the moon
Sleigh-bells ring a merry tune,
Over-crinkling now they skim,
Who's so happy then as Jim?
No one, I'm sure, unless
It should be a girl named Bess.

IN PASTURES GREEN.

CHAPTER IV.

A bright M Y morning, and the sun carried the perfume of lilac, wallflower and sweetbrier into the Vicarage through the wide-open windows. In the parlor the sun glared upon three yards of the carpet, and left the corners of the room in delighted shade, thanks to the small windows which the architect had provided for the old house. A hum of bird and insect life in the sweet drowsy atmosphere mingled with many curious noises proceeding from the nursery, which was also the school-room, for Milly was at this moment waiting upon her father, and the young people were left to themselves.

"You are dreadfully nervous this morning, child," said Mr. Arnold, when she had arranged his bands; and then, as she stepped on to the patch of carpet, where the glare of sunlight fell upon her, he added, "and you look weary."

"Do I, papa? The children have been a little tiresome this morning, and insist upon going to see the wedding."

"Why not? Give them an hour's freedom, and they will return to their tasks with all the more good will."

"But I must go with them," and there was something in her tone almost like suppressed alarm.

"Well, again, why not?" said the vicar, with a pleasant smile. "You will some day have to go through the ceremony yourself, and most girls like to see how it is performed."

He was an easy, good-natured man, who had been spared most household cares by the diligence, first, of his wife, and then of his daughter. In his books and his parish work he found infinite variety; he was contented and unambitious. He appreciated sorrow where there was a definite cause for it, but he was slow to detect the varying shades of humor which indicate secret anxiety or pain. This morning, however, he felt that there was something wrong with Milly, and he was convinced of it when she said in a curiously low voice—

"Very well, we will go."

"But do not go, child, if there is anything in the service which suggests unhappy thoughts. I am afraid you are thinking of young Lewis—"

"Oh, no, papa," she answered quickly, and glad that she escaped through his mistake the necessity of paining him by telling the truth about the interview she had had with Eben Tyler in the meadows two years ago.

"I am glad of that," Mr. Arnold proceeded, "because he would not have settled down into quiet domestic ways very readily, and that would have been a trial for you. It is the very best thing that could have happened for him, his obtaining this appointment in India. He will practice there; no doubt he will be made a judge some day, and will come home a sober, sensible man, for he was not a bad young fellow in the main, and work will steady him."

"I hope so, papa; for I, too, thought he was not really such a wicked young man as people said."

"All the same, I am glad you did not care particularly about him. I would much rather have seen you the wife of young Tyler, for he is a steady-going, faithful lad, and will be a good husband. But there again, you see how happily Providence has arranged matters; Eben is marrying his cousin, obtains the wife who is in

active as ever; and by and by the shadow, which had been at first like pain, became mellowed into a sad sweet memory, which she greeted with a smile.

She went to her lessons bravely, and performed them faithfully. Her father and the children were grateful for the happy home she made for them, and knew nothing of Milly's sorrows.

CHAPTER V.

A summer day; the sun flashed upon the trees in their new dress, here showing a bright pale green, and there a darker hue; and through the openings of the trees were glimpses of cool green fields speckled with easy-minded cattle; the whole scene refreshing to the eye and to the soul.

A carriage was driving slowly along the white dusty road by the village green, where a dokey was solemnly regarding the movement of a noisy flock of geese. The red sign-board of the ale-house swung gently in the breeze.

In the carriage were two gentlemen; the one, a ruddy-faced, white-haired man, who was the village doctor; the other, a jaundice-faced, thin, dried-up looking man, who seemed to be much older than the doctor, although he was at least twenty years his junior. This was Montague Lewis, now a baronet, as his father had recently died. He had returned from India to live in happiness on the fortune his father bequeathed to him, added to the fortune he had himself acquired at the Indian bar. But his chief happiness seemed to be confined to a series of consultations with physicians.

"What couple is this?" he asked, nodding indifferently toward two approaching figures; "the old gentleman appears to lean heavily enough on the lady's arm. What a capital figure she has! and a good face too. Is she a widow?—that old fellow can't be her husband."

The doctor laughed heartily at the jumble of comment and question which proceeded from his companion.

"That's right—ha! ha!—I mean it's right that you should show interest in something else than your liver, and until now you have not done so since you came home."

"I can't stand jokes about my liver, doctor. Tell me who is the lady—what a calm face! She has never known what the worry and humbug of the world mean."

"Who can tell?" said the doctor, thoughtfully; "she certainly enjoys the world, and she makes other people enjoy it too. I have known the sound of her pleasant voice, and one of her quiet smiles, do more to relieve a patient in five minutes than all my skill and physic could do in as many weeks."

The doctor lifted his hat as the carriage drove past the lady and gentleman. Then he proceeded:

"Did you not recognize her?—she could not recognize you—it is Miss Arnold with her father. The poor old parson is laid on the shelf now, and the curate does all the work. All his children, except this one, have started off on their own account; the daughters are married, two of the sons are in business, another is at sea, and the eldest, William, has got a fellowship at Cambridge, and is taking high rank in scholarship."

"Dear me, and is that Milly Arnold? I remember her quite well—the most lovely girl I ever saw. How the deuce is it she never got married?"

"I don't know. I have often wondered where the eyes of our young men were, that she remained single; but it has been a blessing for her family that she did so. They could never have pulled through without her. She has seen them all comfortably settled in the world, and now she devotes herself entirely to the old man."

"What a monotonous life!"

"Upon my word I think she enjoys it; she seems to be always happy, and she has the knack of making everybody who comes near her happy too. She is the guide, philosopher and friend of every man, woman and child in Dunthorpe, and they go as near to worshipping her as she will allow them."

"I don't think she would have remained long a maiden if you had been a widower, doctor," said Lewis, grinning at the doctor's enthusiasm.

"Faith, I would have made her an offer, at any rate," answered the doctor, gayly.

"I once thought of it myself."

"And why didn't you do it?"

"Because I had not enough to keep myself; then came that appointment in India, and then—well, then came other distractions, and I forgot about her."

"More fool you."

"I must go and see her after luncheon."

The vicar sat in the garden under the shade of a huge lilac tree, his hand placidly clasped before him. Milly stood near him, her finger marking the place in the book from which she had

GAY LUTETIA.

A Cyclone of Events in the Gallic Land of Liberty.

How Reliance Played Possum—The Goddess Nicotine Sways Lovely French Women—Patti Sings for Fun Now—St. Cloud Bazed to the Ground.



PARIS, Jan. SHORT time ago there was a good deal of gossip in Parisian sporting and gaming circles concerning a proposed new gambling-hell to be established in a corner of Luxembourg. Probably the spec. has been abandoned on account of the opposition from several Governments, which would be certain to come very serious attempt ever made to establish such a resort. According to many, the attendance at the Monte Carlo Casino is rather limited this season; but latest accounts from the principality were couched in less pessimistic terms. Even when it is a "bad year" for the Casino, there is no lack of players at the table, although they are not of the ultra smart description, which the hell-keepers prefer to see under their gilded roof.

The disestablishment of the gaming table, so far from ruining Monaco, would tend to send still more people in that direction, for it is an admitted fact that thousands of would-be visitors are prevented from wintering farther south than Cannes—or, at least, Antibes—lest their families should suffer from a too close proximity to the Monte Carlo Casino. This would hardly be a pleasant prospect for the Cannois, or even the Nicois, to contemplate, so they prefer that things should remain as they are at present, and deprecate any and every attempt to interfere with the tables. There is one European sovereign who has done a great deal of unostentatious travelling in his time, and who is frequently in Paris—in fact, he was here last week incognito—but who has never set foot in the capital of roulette. That is the King of the Belgians. Perhaps it is that the royalties do not quite like being seen at Monaco, lest they may be made subjects of terrible denunciations from pulpit and press. Queen Victoria, for one, has always had a rooted aversion to the headquarters of gambling, and her refusal to accept a basket of flowers from the authorities of the Casino, when she was staying at Mentone, has passed into history.

HOW THE BARON PLAYED THE POOL.

Stories of the late Baron de Reinach, for he has been proved to be dead without any shadow of doubt, are rife in Paris. A fair illustration of the witty nature of the millionaire semite may be gathered from the following: A fancy dress ball was given at a friend's house, and the Baron was among the invited guests. During the early part of the evening everyone was astonished by the vagaries of a visitor who had donned the cap and bells and "fooled" it so cleverly as to attract general attention. Everyone was anxious to know who it was, but he declined to reveal his identity. When the time came to throw off the masks, to the astonishment of all, it was seen to be M. de Reinach.

THE REAL SIMON PUKE.

The Baron accepted the compliments of his fellow maskers and was the hero of the evening. It was not until sometime afterwards that it was ascertained that he had played a joke on the people. He had engaged the services of a clown from a circus who was much of the same build as himself, and had two dresses made alike. The clown whose acrobatic feats attracted so much attention, was the circus performer, and M. de Reinach only took his place at the end to surprise his friends, and receive their congratulations.

SWEET SLAVES TO "NICOTINE."

The cigarette is daily, even hourly, growing more and more in favor with Frenchwomen. An elegant, some few years ago, who, at the magic hour of coffee and liqueurs might have ventured to produce her "nicotine," would probably have been classed by women among a particular *classe* of ladies and have been even condemned by men as being a little strange. Russia has done wonders in hardening Parisian women. There are even some emancipées who have taken to the cigar. The sweet thing who in the days of yore

Answers as Related by Teachers of the Young Idea.



specimens" from Miss Graham and others, given by our contemporary, are the following:

Divinity.—Eau was a man who wrote fables and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of poison.—Explain the difference between the religious beliefs of the Jews and Samaritans. The Jews believed in the synagogue and had their Sunday on a Saturday, but the Samaritans believed in the Church of England and worshipped in groves of oak; therefore the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans.—Titus was a Roman Emperor—supposed to have written the "Epistle to the Hebrews"—his other name was Oates.

English History.—Oliver Cromwell was a man who was put into prison for his interference in Ireland. When he was in prison he wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress"; and married a lady called Mrs. O'Shea.—Wolsey was a famous general who fought in the Crimean war, and who, after being decapitated several times, said to Cromwell, "Ah! if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age."—Wesley was the founder of the Wesleyan Chapel, who was afterwards called Lord Wellington; a monument was erected to him in Hyde Park, but it has been taken down lately.—Who was Henry III? A zealous supporter of the Church, and died a Dissenter.—What is Divine Right? The liberty to do what you like in Church.—What is a Papal Bull? A sort of cow, only larger and does not give milk.—Perkin Warbeck raised a rebellion in the reign of Henry VIII. He said he was the son of a prince, but he was really the son of respectable people.

Definitions.—Phœnicians.—The inventors of Phœnician blinds. Bacchanal.—A native of Bacchana, in South Africa. Coimera.—A thing used to take likeness with. Waterbush.—A place in which boats are stored in winter. Gender.—Is the way whereby we tell what sex a man is. Cynical.—A cynical lump of sugar is one pointed at the top. Immaculate.—State of those who have passed the entrance examination at London University. Hydrostatics.—Is when a mad dog bites you. It is called hydrophobia when a dog is mad, and hydrostatics when a man catches it.

Miscellaneous.—Briffy describes the heart, and its function of work.—The heart is a comical shaped bag. The heart is divided into several parts by a fleshy partition. These parts are called right artillery, left artillery, and so forth. The function of the heart is between the lungs. The work of the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute.—What is a volcano? A volcano is a powerful look.—What is the meaning of *mer de glace*? Mother of glass.—What are fossils? Fossils are those remains of plants and animals which keep best when left to themselves.—What fossil remains do we find of fishes? In some rocks we find the fossil footprints of fishes.—What are the metamorphic rocks? Rocks that contain metaphors.—"What is the matter?" queried a teacher. "You seem to be rather uncomfortable there." "I've got the interjection, sir," was the unexpected reply.—Explain the words *fort* and *fortress*. A fort is a place to put men in, and a fortress a place to put women in.—What is a Republican? A Republican is a singer mentioned in the Bible.—The two chief volcanoes in Europe. Sodom and Gomorrah.

One to the Bishop.

The Bishop of Exeter was constantly annoyed by the intrusion of strangers into his grounds, and put up some very stringent notices forbidding trespassers. One morning the story goes, he was walking along, in a meditative mood, when suddenly two ladies broke through the shrubs, and stood awkwardly confronting him. They stammered for some excuse, saying they did not know they were in private ground. His lordship made them a profound bow, and pointed to a printed notice, adding:

have seen you the wife of young Tyler, for he is a steady-going, faithful lad, and will be a good husband. But there again, you see how happily Providence has arranged matters. Eben is marrying his cousin, obtains the wife who is in every way best fitted for him. She is handsome, strong, has been brought up on the farm, knows all his ways, and takes interest in all his pursuits. I think he is a fortunate young man."

"I must get ready now," she said quickly, and left the room.

There was a crowd of villagers in the church, for Eben Tyler was a favorite with them all, and the bell-ringers had of their own free will, without favor or reward, determined to ring a merry peal in honor of his marriage. They were all ready, and waiting eagerly for the signal to begin.

Eben performed his part with admirable calmness, and gave his responses clearly and firmly. Nobody would have suspected that he had ever thought of any girl save the tall and handsome woman by his side. She had a bright, good-natured face, ruddy at all times with health, exercise and humor; but ruddier than ever now with the blushes of joy and timidity at her novel position.

She too, answered bravely, but in a soft tone. Eben had been her hero ever since she had been brought an orphan to the farm, and kindly Dame Tyler and Eben, the elder had received her with open arms. The dame looked on with entire contentment at the fulfillment of one of her most ardent wishes. She knew that Susan would be a good wife and would keep the old farm-house trim and neat, as she had done herself, when the time came for her to resign the management. She could not have trusted anybody else with the care of the place and of her son. Eben had threatened at one time to mar her plans, but he had become sensible at last. And how could he help it, being in sorrow at the rejection of his love by Milly, and therefore sensitive to the sympathy and affection of the tender-eyed Susan?

Old Eben had a broad grin on his face as he gave away the bride; he was happy in the arrangement, for everything had fallen out just as he had predicted. He found another proof of the correctness of his commonplace views of love affairs when Miss Arnold advanced to the bride, presented her with a pretty bouquet, kissed her and wished her all happiness. Then she shook hands with Eben and congratulated him upon his good fortune in finding such a wife. He looked into her eyes with just the least bit of wistful remembrance of the Sunday afternoon in the meadows so long ago! Then he thanked her manfully and hoped they would see her often at the farm.

At that moment the joy-bells began their merry peal, and if there had been any confusion to hide on the part of the old lovers it was easily done in the bustle of leaving the church and getting into the carriage, whilst the bells rang loudly and gayly overhead and the children shouted as the newly married couple drove off amid a shower of flowers.

"I told you it would be all right," chuckled old Eben to his wife as he took the reins; "why, losing a lover is like drawing a tooth—nasty to think about, but when it's over we are mostly glad of it, and find we can eat as well as ever. Bless you, I lost many a tooth afore I squared matters with you, missus. I won't say how many I've lost since."

Milly, standing in the midst of the excited children, who were flinging the flowers as if they were snowballs, smiled and waved her handkerchief to the bride and bridegroom as they drove away. She received one last kindly look from Eben as the carriage wheeled round the corner, and then she knew that his face was turned to his wife.

"We must go to our lessons now," she said quietly, as the last carriage disappeared.

And she went to her lessons also. They were harder tasks than those of the children; but she indulged in very few sentimental regrets or longings. She did not think that Eben had been false to her; he had acted wisely and would be happy—she had earnestly prayed that he would be happy. She had acted wisely also, and there would be happiness for her in the discharge of the duties which had fallen to her hands.

There was a shadow in her heart. There would come at times when she was alone a lingering thought of all that might have been if on a certain day she had said Yes instead of No; but it reflected no shade upon her face. The bright quiet smile was always there; the busy head and fingers were

"I must go and see her after luncheon." The vicar sat in the garden under the shade of a huge lilac tree, his hands placidly clasped before him. Milly stood near him, her finger marking the place in the book from which she had been reading to him. She was talking to a burly man who was on the verge of becoming rather too fat to be gainly.

"You must come, Miss Arnold," said this big Eben Tyler, "for to-morrow is Milly's birthday, and the children all say they will have no fun unless you are there."

"I suppose I must go, then," she answered with a soft, pensive laugh.

"You're really must. I shall come down for you about 11 o'clock, and the drive will do your father good. Do you think so, Mr. Arnold?"

"Whatever Milly would like to do will please me," said the vicar.

Sir Montague Lewis presented himself and interrupted the conversation.

"You do not recollect me, Miss Arnold; but your father will remember his old friend Sir Henry Lewis—I am his son."

"What!" exclaimed the vicar, with mild surprise, "are you young Lewis—how changed you are!"

"Fifteen years in India make a change in most men. You may call me old Lewis now."

They shook hands, and expressed pleasure in meeting again. Eben wondered at the transformation of the gay, handsome youth into the withered old man; and Lewis marvelled how he had managed to become so offensively fat. Milly was the only one of the party who appeared to retain the grace of youth, and her welcome was so genial that Lewis understood the doctor's enthusiasm about her. At the same time he began to have a glimmering idea that her life could not have been so monotonous after all; it had been full of pleasant duties, and she had been most happy in the work of helping others. Therefore she retained the fresh heart of youth.

But the passions of the old time barely ruffled the memory, and those three—Milly, Eben and Lewis—were friends. So much so that the baronet, having heard of the birthday fete in honor of Miss Arnold's god-child—Eben's eldest daughter—begged to be permitted to join the party.

There were grand doings in the orchard at the farm on the following day. The trees were glowing with apple-blossoms and the grass was speckled with them. The white-haired vicar leaning on Eben's arm, watched the wild sports of the children, his daughter Milly being the youngest and merriest of them all, and yet contriving somehow to keep them within bounds.

"If I had not been such a withered old wretch, what a wife she would have made!" thought Lewis, as he observed Milly flitting to and fro; and then, with a short breath, he turned to Eben and the vicar to continue his inquiries as to the chances of his election if he should offer himself as a candidate to represent the county in Parliament.

Sunshine, laughter, and the happiness of childhood; and Milly was the inspiration of it all. Her life had been one of noble devotion, and she was content. A game at hide-and-seek, and Milly was caught under the apple trees by a troop of merry children. The boys shook the branches, and a shower of apple-blossoms fell upon her.

THE END.

Glad of It.

"Say, where are you going?" said Mr. McHarris to his wife. She glanced at him as she snappily replied:

"If you must know—though it's none of your business—I'm going to spend the day with the Thompsons over on the east side."

"I'm so glad, dear; I always did hate those Thompson people."

"Yes, I know you hate them. That's my principle reason for liking them. I love them for the enemies they have made."

What Jamie Saw in the Well.

"Mamma," said Jamie, mysteriously, "did I ever have a little brother that fell into the well?"

"No," said his mamma. "Why?"

"Why, I looked into the well this morning, and there was a little fellow down there looked just like me."

Bessie—Joe, dear, did you have any trouble getting papa to consent to our marriage? Joe—Well, I should say so. He said he couldn't see any sense in our waiting a whole year.

"That was a skin game you played," as Waggles remarked to his wife when he beat him at checkers and won a seat cape.

Roosters are a good deal like men. A rooster never gives notice of finding a worm until after he has swallowed it.

declassé class of ladies and have been even condemned by men as being a little strange. Russia has done wonders in hardening Parisian women. There are even some emancipated who have taken to the cigar. The sweet thing who, in the days of yore, received her lover with violet-scented breath, now welcomes him in clouds of tobacco smoke, not always of the best.

MADMOISELLE JULIE.

The Theatre Libre, which thoroughly practices the motto, "Vive la Liberté," and other convenient maxims, perchance not quite so proper, has been giving "Mademoiselle Julie," a one-act piece. The author, M. Auguste Stringberg, must have read Charles Rad's "Good Stories," in which volume, one of the numerous heroines conceives an ardent affection for a coarse, low-born peasant. In this French play the young unmarried aristocrat yields to the fascinations of her father's lackey. Dealing with the subject of this very risqué, "Mademoiselle Julie," Madame Severine says that in outlandish places, where the daughter of the *chateau* is frequently brought up from her childhood with her noble sire's groom, and when in more full-blown years she rides, fishes, drives under his chaperonage these *affaires du coeur* between a blue-blooded *demoiselle* and her domestic—her only youthful companion—are not so rare as the uninitiated might imagine.

Pretending to excuse these *bizarre* tricks of Cupid, who, she asserts, prowls about more frequently at sultry noon than in the mysterious hours of summer nights, Madame Severine queries, "Has not love always encouraged *mesalliances*, even going as far as to throw haughty immortals at the feet of shepherd boys?"

FATTI GIVES UP MONEY GRUBBING.

The Diva is staying at Nice, where she has been singing in "Romeo and Juliet." For this performance she received \$2,500. She will go to Milan to sing at La Scala so as to oblige Verdi, who has invited her, and will then return to Nice, where she will spend the winter, returning to Craig-y-Nos in the spring, and will remain there till she crosses the Atlantic in October next. She says she no longer sings for money, only for amusement, and gives all her earnings to the poor, as she says, "I have finished with money-making."

WHAT SHE THINKS OF GAMBLING.

"I have never been in the gambling rooms of Monte Carlo," says the Diva, "except when there was no one in them and no gambling going on; but to me it is the most atrocious thing a woman can do. If I were to see the most beautiful woman in the world at Monte Carlo tables staring at a louis or a dollar piece, she would become hideously ugly in my eyes. I never even allow card playing in my house. The example and principle are bad in the extreme. I know of a great many singers and prominent persons who go to Monte Carlo every year for gambling amusement, which to me is absolutely repulsive."

GOOD-BYE, ST. CLOUD, GOOD-BYE!

Parisians have seen the last of the old castle of St. Cloud. The terraces, statues and walls—delapidated and melancholy-looking—have all been carted away, and 10,000 dollars have been voted by the Municipal Council for the construction of entirely fresh gardens and grounds. But the pond, together with its finny denizens, the famous red carp, is to be allowed to remain. St. Cloud was a place of memories, both grave and gay, and almost all historic. It was there the wife of the Emperor Maximilian fell on her knees before the third Napoleon and begged him not to leave her husband to the mercies of his enemies in Mexico. It is generally stated that the Germans accidentally set fire to the palace by one of their shells during the war of 1870. This, however, has latterly been proved inaccurate, for the French themselves fired the place by an ill-directed shot from Mont Valerien. It is as well that an eyesore, which could not but have been fraught with melancholy memories to the inhabitants of gay Lutetia, has been finally blotted out.

Midgley—Did the architect carry out your last plans? Barton—I suppose he must have, for I don't see anything of them about the house.

If it is true that every man has his chance come once in his lifetime to be truly great it must come to most men in their sleep.

Manager—Ah, I remember you. You are the song-and-dance subrette who wishes to join my company. What is your compass Applicant—if you refer to my voice; why, it's only two octaves, but I can kick over nineteen.

ladies broke through the shrubs, and stood awkwardly enough confronting him. They stammered off some excuse, saying they did not know they were in private grounds. His lordship made them a profound bow, and pointed to a printed notice, adding: "But, perhaps, you do not read; however, as you seem to have no scruples, pray go on, go along the paths, into the flower garden, across the lawn, enter the house, visit the drawing-room, dining-room and study; but let me recommend you not to penetrate the bedrooms at this early hour, as the housemaids may not have done their work."

The intruders must have wished themselves in another part of the diocese.—*Amusing Journal.*

Queer Conduct in Maine.

In a town in Central Maine has lived for years a man who, without any apparent reason, gave up work and went to board with a woman on a farm. Supported by his pension he has existed for years in one room, lying in bed most of the time. He has indulged his appetite to the utmost. His size became immense, and some time ago he gave up the effort of dressing. No friends nor relatives showed any interest in this man, living like a brute. One day last week he ceased to breathe. The undertaker was notified by the woman with whom he lived. Certain of the neighbors offered their assistance, which was rejected. She said a minister could not enter her house, and this man should not have a funeral there. After the undertaker had made suitable arrangements he took the body to the cemetery and buried it. Not a prayer was said, no one followed the remains, not a regret was expressed by any one. As he lived, so he died and was buried.—*Leviston Evening Journal.*

As if Clothes Did It.

The man's the man for a' that and a' that and so is the woman, but it isn't everybody knows, especially women. The other day two fashionable ladies were going along Woodward avenue, when they met a very poorly dressed little woman, whom one of them seemed to know in an eleemosynary way. She stopped the little woman and engaged her in conversation for three or four minutes, the other meantime listening to her and noting her manners. Then they passed on.

"Who is she?" asked the one who had been observing.

"Oh, she's a little woman I have on my charity list. What do you think of her?"

"Think of her? Why, if she had on good clothes she'd be a lady."

The man's a man for a' that and a' that, and so's the woman.—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Was Married, Too.

"James! James!" she called from the head of the stairs, "James, come up here immediately. I've something to say to you, you wretch."

And the burglar, who had just let himself in with the new universal lock-key, let himself out again, remarking: "Catch Red-Eyed Pete interviewin' a woman in that there state of mind? Well, not at this stage of the game."

Tried to Please.

Little Dot—Mamma, Mrs. Van Twiller has two little bits of babies, an' one is a boy an' one is a girl.

Mamma—They are twins. Little Dot (after reflection)—Mrs. Van Twiller doesn't talk very good English, an' I s'pose the 'Merican angels couldn't understand which kind she wanted.

AB!

Buckton—He will never succeed as minister.

Nendick—Why not?

Buckton—He is slightly deaf.

Nendick—That is only a trifling handicap.

Buckton—Is it, though? How is he going to hear calls to better fields of labor.

Jack—I have come to ask for your daughter's hand. Parent—What do you expect to find in it; diamonds or hearts?

The typewriter backache is rapidly gaining as secure a position among the ills of humanity as "the bicycle stoop." It should be guarded against as far as possible by a high seat and a footstool.

Mrs. Grumley (reading)—A European scientist has been listening to the voice of a fly through a microscope. He says it sounds very much like the neighing of a horse. Mr. Grumley—Perhaps it was a horsefly.

An old maid over in New Jersey fainted after reading in the local paper that in the manufacture of champagne the grapes are squeezed six times.

An Old and Esteemed Citizen Restored to Health and Strength.

Mr. C. W. Helms, Sen. Relates the Particulars of His Sufferings and Relief to a "Standard" Reporter—Advice to Other Sufferers.

(St. Catharines Standard.)

Casualty, the other day, the Standard learned that Mr. C. W. Helms, sen., one of the oldest and most respected citizens of St. Catharines, had been restored to health after years of suffering, in a manner bordering on the miraculous. The editor of this paper had known Mr. Helms for years, and he was anxious to hear from him the story of his wonderful recovery. He had not seen Mr. Helms for some months, but met with a very warm welcome when he told the errand upon which he had come. Mr. Helms' home is on the corner of St. Paul and Court streets, and he is well-known to all our older residents as a citizen of the highest integrity, having lived in this city since 1838.

"I have had rheumatism," said Mr. Helms, "more or less for the past twenty years, which often got so painful that I could not get about at all. I had been to all the doctors here and to some in Toronto and Buffalo, but I could get no relief worth speaking about. Five years ago I went to Welland and took a vapor bath, and felt so much relieved that I took two more. The relief, however, was only temporary, and four and a half years ago the lameness and pains came on again and so completely used me up that I could hardly do anything. I applied to a number of doctors for treatment and two of them treated me, but without relief. My age, they said, was against me; that if I were a younger man there might be some hope for me. I was 84 last October. I then discontinued the doctors' treatment and about a year ago got a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and used them without feeling any benefit and quit. This spring I used another box without any effect and again stopped. You see I expected too much and seemed to think that a box of Pink Pills ought to do what years of doctoring did not do. In July I read about the case of Mr. Conder, of Oakville, who had used, I think, eighteen boxes. When I read that he was so fully cured that he was able to work again, and even play baseball, I took courage and saw that I had not before given the pills a fair trial. I then got half a dozen boxes and was on the fifth before I felt any beneficial effects. I had run down so low and my appetite had left me. I now began to feel my appetite returning and my knees and ankles began to gain strength. From that out I continued to improve until the time of the county fair, when I went down there in company with others and went the rounds seeing the stock and other exhibits. I tried to keep up with them and walked so much that day that I felt some bad effects afterwards. But I now know where to look for relief and continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and ever since have felt a steady improvement. My legs have gained strength wonderfully, and the doctors tell me that if I was a younger man I would be still more benefited. My general health has also improved very much. About six weeks ago I was in Toronto and walked fully five miles that day, something I could not have done before. In fact I feel so much better that I have taken a 2-year-old mustang colt to break it in." At this point Mr. Helms, the life partner of the venerable gentleman, who had come into the room while Mr. Helms was relating his story, said that a friend, when he heard that Mr. Helms had taken a colt to break, said he was going to commence using Pink Pills too. Then the lady noting the Standard man writing at the table asked Mr. Helms if all this was to be published.

"Yes," said Mr. Helms, "if there are any other poor creatures who are suffering as I have done I would be glad to have them know the great good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me, and to be benefited in the same way. I am glad to have my experience published for the benefit it may do to others, and I cannot too strongly recommend these great pills." In reply to an enquiry Mr. Helms said he had taken three half dozen boxes since he began to take them regularly and was now using the fourth half dozen.

The Standard reporter called upon Mr. A. J. Greenwood, the east end druggist, whose store is only a few doors from the



is had enough, with the ordinary pill. But the having it down is worse. And, after all the disturbance, there's only a little temporary good. From beginning to end, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are better. They're the smallest and easiest to take—tiny sugar-coated granules that any child is ready for. Then they do their work so easily and so naturally that it lasts. They absolutely and permanently cure Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. They're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

THE MAKERS of Dr. Sage's Catharrh Remedy say: "If we can't cure your Catharrh no matter what your case is, we'll pay you \$500 in cash." Now you can see what is said of other remedies, and decide which is most likely to cure you. Costs only 50 cents.

DIVINITY DOTH HEDGE A KING.

Kaiser William was good enough to say, in proposing the health of the Czar of Russia at Princess Margaret's wedding: "We all recognize the Czar not only as an exalted comrade, but as the representative of long-preserved monarchical traditions." Some people recognize in Mr. Alexander Alexandrovitch a great deal more than that. Here is one brief description:

"The Tsar feareth God and loveth his people, and he chastiseth with a rod of iron a multitude of his servants who do likewise. In the days before his kingship he could not say unto Wisdom, 'Thou art my sister,' nor unto Understanding, 'Thou art my kinswoman,' but he might have truly said, 'Be thou my wife,' for there was no relationship betwixt them. Since he was anointed king he is become as a shining light to all his people; and his kingdom containeth many millions of men and women who cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and much cattle. His power extendeth to the uttermost ends of the land, and his nod is obeyed with fear and trembling; and he cannot accomplish the good that he hath conceived in his heart, and must needs do the evil that he loatheth as hateful in the sight of God. His bowels yearn upon all his people alike, even as the sun shineth upon the evil and the good, and rain falleth on the just and on the unjust; and he smiteth sorely the children of Judah, for that they were injudicious in the choice of their parents, and were born of the seed which brought forth the Saviour of mankind; and likewise on the Poles and Ruthenians, the Finns and the Baltic Germans, his hand lieth heavy. As the hart panteth after water-brooks, so thirsteth his soul after truth; and he suppressed the books and the writings which are records thereof, and waxeth wroth with them that write such. He longeth to have the needs of his people laid bare before him, if so be that he may relieve them in his mercy; and he banished Madame Tsebrikova and a host of others who would fain make known to him the wants of their brethren. He searched out wise counsellors with diligence and understanding; and he hath made friends of liars and false-witnesses who drink iniquity like water, and to them he giveth heed. And death and life are in the power of their tongues, wherefore their evil-doings should not be reckoned among his transgressions, nor the innocent blood which they shed be upon his head. He knoweth in his heart that there is no power but of God, and the enemies of God are an abomination in his sight; and he made a covenant with the seed of Beelzebub in the land of the Gaul, with them which said in their hearts, 'There is no God, neither should there be any king.' He charged all his people, saying, 'Walk ye in the way of the Lord'; and against the Soudists and the Baptists, and all them that do what seemeth good to the Lord is his anger kindled, and he casteth them into outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. In like manner he executeth fury upon Lutherans, and beheadeth his bow to the Buddhists; the temple of Catholics he hath razed to the ground, and Baptist prayer-houses he hath demolished; but theatres and dens of iniquity he openeth on the Sabbath, sharing with the owners thereof the spoils of their iniquity. Verily, the Tsar is a just man; and English Puritans should rejoice with exceeding joy that he hath been anointed with the oil of gladness over his fellows."

E. B. Lanin writes in the Contemporary that "Alexander III. has never regarded

Bits of Useful Information for Thrifty Housewives.

According to the Medical Record castor oil has not failed in any case to remove warts to which it was applied once a day for two to six weeks.

A use for common salt recently given is to rub it into the roots of the hair to remove dandruff. Rub it in lightly at night, not using a great quantity; in the morning it is all gone, only leaving a slight dampness.

A piece of chamois skin bound on the edges, shaped to fit the heel and kept in place by a piece of elastic rubber worn over the stockings, will save much mending.

A nice way to keep wax for the work-basket is to fill half shells of English walnuts with melted wax, fastening the two half shells closely together at one end. There will then be a small space at the other end, through which the thread will slip when the wax is being used.

Some housekeepers serve lemon with mutton, but most people prefer a combination of tart and sweet, as in mint-sauce or fruit jellies.

Half the battle in washing dishes is keeping the dish clothes and towels clean. Washing out once a week in ammonia water should never be neglected.

Never allow meat to be placed directly on the ice, as water draws out the juices; it is even worse to lay it there wrapped in paper. It should always be laid in a cool, porcelain vessel.

McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant.

This remarkable internal remedy was first discovered over 18 years ago by W. A. McCollom, druggist, Tilsenburgh, and has since been successfully used in Canada and the U. S. in thousands of most extreme cases. It is neatly put up in dollar bottles and sold by druggists generally.

Another Proverb Shattered.

"Doctor," said the medical student, "is a blind man apt to be an idiot?"

"Why, no. What makes you ask that?"

"The adage says: 'Out of sight, out of mind.'"

"I Have Had

Rheumatism for years and Nerviline is the only remedy that has done me good." So writes Thomas McGlashan, North Pelham, July 24th, 1890, and his testimony is supported by thousands of others who have experienced the wonderfully penetrating and pain subduing power of Nerviline—the great nerve pain cure. Nerviline is just as good to take as to rub on, and is the best family remedy in the world. Nerviline is sold by dealers everywhere.

Just as Good:

Perhaps! Don't you run the risk though, but always buy the well-tested and sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe and painless.

Cause and Effect.

"Jim has become a regular cynic, a woman hater."

"Is that so? By the way, who was the woman that he wanted to marry him?"

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.

Soldiers Getting Better.

There has been a great yearly diminution during the last ten years in the number of soldiers in military or civil prisons in England and Wales. In 1884 there were 1,117 soldiers in English prisons; in 1891 there were 433, and on the 31st of last December there were but 44. Last year not one soldier was sentenced to penal servitude. The expulsions for misconduct have decreased since 1888 from 2,020 to 1,590.

A Strategic Move.

He—I am in love. Will you be my confidante?

She—Certainly. I am at your service.

He—Well, would you advise me to propose to you.—Life.

Charlie and Amy were looking at the moon. "What a good man God was to make such a beautiful moon!" said Amy. "May I?" repeated Charlie, reprovingly. "If ever there was a gentleman God is one."

Banks—Rivers, how do you suppose that wonderful bird, the phoenix, ever caught fire? Rivers—Probably from a defective flow.

In Germany aluminum cravats are now on sale. They are advertised as feather-light, silver-white wash goods that will wear forever.

NOTE

In replying to any of these advertisements please mention this paper.

"No Funds"

Take care that your drafts on your physical endurance don't come back to you some day marked "no funds." Take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil & Hypophosphites to increase your energy and so make good your account at the bank of health.

IT CURES CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS and all forms of Wasting Diseases.

Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

PILES

CURE GUARANTEED Why be troubled with PILES, EXTERNAL OR INTERNAL, FISSURES, ULCERATION, ITCHING OR BLEEDING OF THE RECTUM OR ANUS when Dr. CLARK'S PILE OINTMENT gives immediate relief in the hands of THOUSANDS it has proved perfectly invaluable. If never fails, even in cases of long standing. Price \$1.00 at Druggists Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 1836 E. 2nd St. West, TORONTO.

If You Think any kind of a crop will do, then any kind of seeds will do but for the best results you should plant

FERRY'S SEEDS.

Always the best, they are recognized as the standard everywhere. Ferry's Seed Annual is the most important book of the kind published. It is indispensable to the planter. We send it free.

D. M. FERRY & CO. WINDSOR, Ont.

IT'S A POSITIVE FACT. Love Powders will surely win the affection of the one you love. Price, \$1.00; 6 for \$5.00. Address CUPID MEDICINE CO., KINGSTON, ONT.

I CURE FITS!

Shallable treating and bottle of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. H. A. ROY, M. C. 135 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

STOCKMEN

TEXAS : BALSAM

Is the only Rapid and Certain Healer for Scratches, Cuts, Galls, Sore Shoulders and All Wounds on

HORSES AND CATTLE.

Ask your druggist for Texas Balsam and take no other. Or sample sent by mail on receipt of price. 25 cents, by

C. F. SEGSWORTH, No. 6 Wellington East, Toronto, Ont.

WANTED

AGENTS, local and travelling as once, to sell ornaments, shrubs, roses, trees and flowers. Experience unnecessary. Salary and expenses paid weekly. No permanent positions. No security required. Must furnish references as to good character. CHARLES H. CHASE, Rochester, N. Y.

three half dozen boxes since he began to take them regularly and was now using the fourth half dozen.

The Standard reporter called upon Mr. A. J. Greenwood, the east end druggist, whose store is only a few doors from the residence of Mr. Hellem, to enquire how the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stood in regard to other proprietary medicines, and incidentally to enquire what he thought of their effect in Mr. Hellem's case. "Pink Pills for Pale People have a great sale," said Mr. Greenwood, "and I am continually asked for them. With regard to Mr. Hellem's case, I knew that for years he had suffered from rheumatism and other diseases, and that he was thoroughly run down. He now speaks very highly of Pink Pills, though at first he did not think they were doing him any good, but that may be accounted for by the hold the disease had on his system. He now feels like a young man and is able to attack the various animals, horses, etc. After he had taken about a dozen boxes he came into the store one day and started to dance around like a school boy. 'What's the matter?' I exclaimed, perfectly astonished, and with happiness ringing in every tone of his voice, he called out: 'O, I'm young again; I'm young again.' He ascribed as the reason for this that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had performed the miracle. He has frequently told me that he had tried doctors without number, besides other patent medicines, but without any avail. My sales of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly increasing, and all agree that these excellent little pills are beyond praise. There are many people in this district who have cause to be thankful they tried Pink Pills.

The reporter called upon Mr. W. W. Greenwood and Mr. Harry Southcott, the well-known druggists and both spoke highly of Pink Pills, saying that they are the most popular remedy in the stores, and that those using them are loud in their praises of the results.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses on any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Bernhardt's Health Preservative.

Madame Bernhardt is one of the popular advocates of fresh air and out-door exercise. She says: "I live in the open air. From early morning I am up, some days spending the entire day in hunting or driving, to get glimpses of new country. Plenty of fresh air! That gives vigor. Exercise! Walking out of doors in the sunshine invariably. There is no such thing as genuine health without it."

Friend of mamma (to little girl)—Lottie, if you drink so much tea, you will be an old maid. Lottie—Oh, I don't believe that at all, Mr. Harold. Mamma drinks tea, and she has been married twice, and she isn't an old maid yet.

The simplest and one of the best eye-waters is made by putting ten grains of white vitriol into half a pint of elder or rose water. Put a couple of drops in the eye, under the lids, morning and evening. If it stings too much, add more of the rose

water of the apolls of their iniquity. Verily, the Tar is a just man; and English Parliament should rejoice with exceeding joy that he hath been associated with the oil of gladness over his fellows."

E. B. Lavin writes in the *Contemporary* that "Alexander III. has never regarded his kingly office as anything but a heavy burden which personal inclination as well as common prudence imperatively urged him to shake off; and he richly deserves all the credit attaching to the mistaken sense of religious duty with which he struggled against the former, and the manly courage which he successfully opposed to the latter. His own modest ambition would have been amply satisfied could he have tasted the quiet joys of family life, bringing up his children in the warm sunshine of his affection, and giving them the best education he knew of. He never coveted a crown, and when he found himself in possession of the heaviest crown in Europe, he placed his head under it with the melancholy resignation of the condemned criminal holding his head under the fatal noose. 'It's awfully hard lines that I, of all others, should become Emperor of Russia,' was his remark, soon after it had become an accomplished fact. Nor would he have ever consented to accept the role, had not his conscience been dragged by the soothing delusion that he had been specially chosen by God, like Saul and David, and a mission imposed upon him compared to which that of Moses himself shrive into insignificance. It was then that he manfully resolved to go through life with the cares and burdens of royalty as a private individual with his hump or his gout."

We have not space to quote more fully from Mr. Lavin's highly interesting description of the Czar, but the impression derived from the full perusal of his article is that, if Alexander III. happened to live in Canada, he would long ago have been domiciled in one of the lunatic asylums. Ye he is one of the rulers of the earth *Dei gratia*.

About Drinks.

The American tax on whiskey is 90 cents a gallon; the British is \$2.40 a gallon.

There are more saloons in Chicago per capita than in New York.

Only one all-night saloon license has been issued in New York.

A high license bill has been introduced in the Michigan Legislature.

Des Moines liquor dealers are happy; they can evade the law now. The City Council has fixed a "fine" of \$50 a month for "disorderly houses," which they will pay.

At the Zoo.

Mortimer—Isn't that elephant too small for his skin?

Mamma—I don't know. Why do you think so?

Mortimer—Why, because his skin bags at the knees.

Altogether Otherwise.

"I am surprised at you speaking to that man. Didn't you tell me yesterday that he was a bank cracker?"

"I said bank wrecker."

"Oh!"

Enthusiastic.

Professor (Vassar College)—Now, young ladies, I desire to direct your attention to one of the most remarkable of the planets, Saturn, which as two beautiful rings—

Chorus—How splendid!

Doctor (to patient)—What ails you? Patient—Indeed, I don't know. I only know that I suffer. "What kind of life do you lead?" "I work like an ox, I eat like a wolf, I am as tired as a dog, and I sleep like a horse." "In that case I should advise you to consult a veterinary surgeon."

Sibyl—Let's cross over to the other side of the street. Tippi—No; let's stay on this side. The pavement is wet over there. Sibyl—That's all right. Mine are silk.

An orator soars high when he goes off in a flight of elquence.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, held yesterday, it was resolved to ask for a Dominion Government grant of \$10,000.

Rev. Wilton M. Smith, of New York, states that out of 30,000 young men in that city, not over 75,000 ever enter church.

She—I wonder why parrots learn to swear so easily! He—I guess because they always have such awful bills before them.

A paper pipe has been invented by a native of St. Helena.

wonderful bird, the phoenix, ever caught fire? K-versa—Probably from a defective flow.

In Germany aluminum cravats are now on sale. They are advertised as feather-light, silver-white wash goods that will wear forever.

Mr. Niccelfello (playfully)—What makes your cravat so big? Small Terror—His pulls out like everything every time I tell on 'er.

THE WIDOW'S COYNES.

O woman! In your teens a tease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
But when a widow blithe and gay,
You meet us then at least half way.

"Take a little water after that medicine," said the physician to the Kentucky Colonel whom he was attending at one of the hotels. "Ah—ah!" said the Colonel, "do I have to take the water?"

SHILOH'S CURE.

25 CENTS PER BOX
THE GREAT
COUGH CURE
25 CENTS PER BOX

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lane Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This Remedy will relieve and Cure you. Price 50cts. This Injector for its successful treatment, free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

MEN BE MANKY.

Use the magical French Remedy CALTHOS free, and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will STOP Discharges & Emissions, THE Swollen Testicles, Varicocele and RENOVATE Lost Vigor. Use it and pay if satisfied. Address: VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Have You CATARRH?

IF SO, USE DR. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. It never fails. IT CURES CATARRH IN THE HEAD THROAT AND NOSE, COLD IN THE HEAD, HAY FEVER, INFLAMED PALATE AND TONSILS, restores the sense of smell, and drives away the DULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have Catarrh. One bottle will work wonders. Price 50c. at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing:

CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 156 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

NO USE IN GIVING UP

Your lover because you get no response. Try LOUINE's Powders which never fail. Price \$1.00; 6 for \$5.00. Address:

CUPID MEDICINE CO., KINGSTON, ONT.

CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. BLOOM & CO., 156 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

SEND 10c for AGENTS' 1893 CUTTING Star Card Works, Woodstock, Ontario

WE WANT YOU

To sell "LOUINE." You can make \$3 a day easily. Address at once, enclosing 30 cents in stamps, for sample and instructions to

SAMUEL BROWN,
No. 79 Bold St.
Hamilton, Ont

AGENTS WANTED

For our fast-selling Subscription Books, Bibles and Albums. Send for Circular. Address Wm. Briggs, Publisher, Toronto

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC.

Students are in attendance from British Columbia on the west to Quebec on the east. Our graduates are most successful in obtaining good positions. Write for free catalogue circular to

SPENCE & McCULLOUGH, Principals, Hamilton Business College, Hamilton.

IT PAYS.

Economy always pays. Forty beautiful designs of Turkish Rug Patterns. Catalogue free. Agents wanted. J. J. HAZELTON, Guelph, Ont.

WANTED

AGENTS, local or travelling as office, to sell our medicines and cures. Experience unnecessary. Salary and expenses paid weekly. Permanent positions. No security required. Must furnish references as to good character. Address: CHAS. H. CHASE, Rochester, N. Y. Mention this paper.

—DR. TAFT'S—
ASTHMA CURES
Gives a Night's Sweet Sleep and so that you need not sit up all night in pain for breath for fear of suffocation. On receipt of name and P.O. address will mail TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.
DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Canadian Office, 136 Adelaide Street West Toronto.

CLYDES, : SHIRES
AND YORKSHIRE COACHERS.

MR. FRANK RUSSELL, Cederville, Ont. offers for sale at low figures and on easy terms choice stallions of the above breeds; also pedigreed.

DIPHTHERIA.

A Positive Cure for Diphtheria and CROUP will be sent free by mail on receipt of \$1. Active agents wanted everywhere. For terms, testimonials, etc., apply to

REV. H. DIERLAMM,
St. Jacob's, Ont.

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Success is achieved by making a move in the right direction. Drop a postcard to College of Correspondence Toronto, for circular giving full information regarding reliable mail courses in shorthand bookkeeping, typewriting, penmanship, commercial arithmetic, etc.

MICHIGAN LANDS FOR SALE.

12,000 Acres of good farming land, title perfect, on Michigan Central, Detroit & Alpena & Lake Huron Railroads, at price, ranging from \$2. to \$5 per acre. These lands are close to enterprising towns, churches, schools, etc., and will be sold on most favorable terms. Apply to M. S. FLEMING, West Bay City, or to J. V. STEIN, Whitmore, Mich. Please mention this paper when writing.

FREE TO MEN ONLY.

If you are suffering from Nervous Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Errors of Youth, etc., we will send you a full course of Dr. Chester's Restorative without a cent of pay in advance. After a fair trial, if you find it a genuine remedy, you can pay us \$2 for the same; if not, you need not pay a cent. Confidential. CHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Toronto, Ont.

D. R. DEWEY
PUBLISHER OF
FIRST SIDES
FOR
CANADIAN : WEEKLY
NEWSPAPERS,
HAMILTON, ONT.

Prices with cost of delivery in any part of Canada furnished on application.

THE DOLLAR MAKER

ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT—OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c. OF OUR

KNITTING MACHINES
GRIELMAN BROS. MGRS
D L Feb 93, GEORGETOWN, ONT.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Old Chum

(CUT PLUG.)

OLD CHUM

(PLUG.)


No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.

Ritchie & Co.

MONTREAL.

Cut Plug, 10c. 1 lb Plug, 10c.
1 lb Plug, 20c.



DR. WOOD'S

Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.
A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.
PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MONTREAL REPRESENTATIVE HOUSES

Royal Electric Co.
Are and Installment Electric Lighting, Electric Motors and Generators.
CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS OF ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER STATIONS
Throughout the Dominion.
24 to 70 Wellington St.
MONTREAL PAPER MILLS CO.
News Printing Wrapping
Said for Samples.

PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD
NOT A POISON

FATAL TO COCKROACHES AND WATER BUGS.
Write us if not sent by your Druggist. We will give FIFTY CENTS where it has proved a failure if properly applied.

THE OLD SLAVE DAYS.

Reminiscences of One of the Abolitionists of Fifty Years Ago.

A few days ago the New York Press reported that Calvin Fairbank was dying at Angelica, N. Y. Away back in the forties he was an active abolitionist, and he used to help runaway slaves whenever he could. The following incidents, which he narrated a few weeks ago, will have a special interest for older readers, who remember when the "underground railroad" was a mysterious but highly valued institution. When I was 21, said Mr. Fairbank, my father sent me down the Allegheny and Ohio Rivers with a raft of lumber. After I had marketed my lumber at Cincinnati I took passage on a steamer for Pittsburgh. The steamer stopped at Mayesville, Ky., to take on freight, and while it was loading I went for a walk about the town. On one of the back streets I met an extremely pretty girl of 16 or 17, who seemed in deep distress. I asked her what was the matter, and she told me that she was a slave—you would not have known it from her color—and was trying to escape from her master, a man named Payne, who lived a few miles out in the country from Mayesville, and who was also her father. I took the girl back to the steamer, introduced her as my sister, and we made the trip to Pittsburgh in safety. She was exceedingly bright and a skilled musician, and I remember made a deep impression on some of the male passengers, one of whom went so far as to ask the privilege of corresponding with her. She settled in New York, finally married well, and is now living in more than comfortable circumstances.

"In April, 1842, while in Covington, I heard that Emily Ward, a handsome girl of 18, two-thirds white, had been sold and was about to be taken south to become the mistress of her purchaser. She was kept in an attic facing the river. I went at night-fall, and, attracting her attention by tossing pebbles against the window, threw up to her, tied to a stone, a note telling her I had come to help her escape. By the same means I got up to her first a cord with a bundle of men's clothes fastened to it, and finally a stout rope. She put on the clothes, and, crawling through a rear window of the room in which she was locked, slid down the rope to the ground. When we were a few feet away from the house we met her master, who apologized for unintentionally brushing against me in the darkness. The girl's case was known to every one in Covington, and I did not dare to hire a boat to take us across to Cincinnati, so we got astride a 16 foot pine log lying half way out of the water on the river bank and I paddled across, using a piece of board for an oar. Once in Cincinnati we were safe. I took Emily to the house of Levi C. Bin, superintendent of the underground railroad. He found her a comfortable home and she did well. She belonged to the family of Zeb Ward, with whom I afterward became too well acquainted.

"In August of the same year I spent several weeks in Montgomery county, Ky., as the guest of Richard McFarland, a planter. One of his slaves, Kate McFarland, a girl of 16, was anxious to escape, and applied to me for help. Starting on a clear moonlight night, we drove before noon next day to Lexington, a distance of 90 miles. My scruples against so gross a breach of hospitality in stealing the property of my host were fully overcome by the fact that both the girl and her mother were the children of her master. Kate was a pretty blonde, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, showing not the slightest trace of negro blood. From Lexington I took her to Cincinnati and gave her into the care of Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the *National Era*, one of the boldest and bravest soldiers in the abolition army.

"The most remarkable incident of this period of my life occurred in March, 1843. I happened one day to be in the jail at Lexington and noticed that one of the prisoners was a young woman of exquisite figure and singular beauty. I asked the jailer who she was, and to my surprise, for she looked the pure Caucasian, he told me that she was a slave girl named Eliza, who was to be sold a few days later upon the block for the New Orleans market. I talked with the girl. She was very intelligent. I told her that I would purchase her freedom if I possibly could. I hurried to Cincinnati and laid the case before Salmon P. Chase, afterward Senator, Secretary of the Treasury and Chief Justice, who gave me \$300 and went with me to see Nicholas Longworth. The latter was worth millions, but was never known to give a dollar for

A TRAGEDY OF THE DEEP.

The Pomeranian's Deck Swept by a Mighty Sea.

OFFICERS AND PASSENGERS PERISH

First and Second Officers, Two Quarter-masters, Two Stewards and Five Passengers Meet Watery Graves—The Captain Knocked Insensible, Dies Next Day—The Ship Turns Back Under Charge of the Third Officer.

Steamer Pomeranian, from Glasgow, January 27th, via Moville, for New York, has returned to Greenock, after losing a number of her crew and passengers in a heavy storm. The Pomeranian was about 1,150 miles westward from Glasgow when she encountered weather of unusual severity. The gales had increased with great suddenness until a heavy sea, unexpectedly swept over the deck, carrying everything before it like an avalanche. The deck saloon, the chart house, the bridge and the boats were smashed and swept away by the tremendous force of the waves, and when the sea had passed over the decks were a scene of ruin and the shrieks of perishing sailors and passengers could be heard in the waves that surged about the dismantled steamer. Capt. Dalziel had been on the bridge when the avalanche struck the vessel. He was swept from his post and was dashed against the bulwarks, where he lay stunned and helpless. The mates, John Cook and John Hamilton, who were on the bridge with the captain, were swept out to sea and drowned. Besides the first and second officers named two quarter-masters, two stewards, four first cabin passengers and one second cabin passenger perished by drowning. James and Lillian Gibson, of Dalkeith, Jane Caffery, of Londonderry, and John Stuart, of Glasgow, were the first cabin passengers lost. They were in the deck saloon at the time of the disaster, and were hurled overboard with the ruins of the saloon. They were never seen again, but the survivors say a despairing cry pierced the air even amid the thunderous roar of the waters. Peter Forbes, of Dundee, was the second cabin passenger missing and the stewards were James Pritchard and Fred Westbury. The stewards were engaged at the time in their usual duties when borne off their feet and swept into the sea. Two seamen, named Peter McLean and Wm. Urquhart, who were on duty at the time, also perished. For a moment after the catastrophe the survivors were too stunned to act. With the captain disabled and the first and second officers drowned, there was no one for the moment to give orders from whom orders were expected. Everyone looked about to see who was in command. Then the third officer quickly brought the crew to their senses, and took prompt action to save the steamer and its human freight from further calamity. All the instruments for navigation had been swept away except the after-compass, by which the steamer had to be navigated. Capt. Dalziel was borne below. His injuries were fatal, and he died on the following morning. The crew cleared away the wreckage and the vessel started on its return voyage, making its way back slowly and carefully to Greenock. The survivors of the passengers and crew are in a very exhausted condition after their terrible experience.

A London cable gives the following additional particulars to those published in the TIMES on Saturday regarding the misfortune to the Pomeranian, which has arrived in Glasgow: From additional accounts regarding the terrible calamity on Feb. 1st it appears that after Capt. Dalziel had been carried below unconscious the vessel was brought about by order of the officer in command, and kept running before the sale. The crew cleared away the debris and battened down the hatches. The waves swept over the deck from stem to stern and flooded the passengers' quarters. There was no panic, and the crew had everything snug before dark. The gale continued to rage with fury until Wednesday last, when it abated somewhat. On Thursday the weather again became stormy and gradually rose to a hurricane. Innishull light, off the most northerly part of the Irish coast, was sighted on Thursday evening, and the position of the vessel ascertained. Owing to the terrific weather it was necessary to lie until Friday morning, when the

ZANTE STILL QUAKING.

Great Suffering Caused by Tidal Waves and Continued Earthquakes.

SEVERAL VILLAGES WRECKED.

An Athens cable says: News from Zante this evening shows that the shocks last night and this morning were severer than anything before experienced. Eight solidly built houses which had withstood former shocks were wrecked. The roofs fell and the walls collapsed before the occupants could leave. Two women, four men and a child were killed and eight other persons were injured. Most of the buildings in the main street have been thrown out of plumb and twenty or more have fallen. The street is partially obstructed and the last families moved from it this afternoon. Several side streets have been barricaded against travel on account of the dangers threatened by the leaning and cracked walls. More than 10,000 persons have left the city, and those remaining live in the outskirts, where the houses are low and constructed of such light materials that the tenants are exposed to few dangers in the case of repeated shocks. The harbor has been practically deserted by small craft, as the tidal waves which have accompanied the last three heavy shocks have sunk several small vessels, and have smashed in those docking along the sea wall. The utmost destitution prevails among the people who are camping on the plain near the city. The tents sent from Athens dot some ten acres closely, and in this area almost 4,000 people are crowded. The food shipped on Greek, English and Italian ships has been consumed, and as many of the fugitives from the city abandoned their property theft and robbery continue to flourish. The bakery ovens erected in the fields have been broken by the force of the last two shocks, and will not be repaired before Monday night. The weather has moderated somewhat and consequently the death rate from exposure has decreased. Reports from other parts of the island are brought in an exaggerated form by men and women who have fled from their homes and now tramp to get food and shelter. Four villages on the other side of the island are said to have been partially wrecked since Friday.

AN AWFUL CALAMITY.

The Anchor Line Steamer *Trinacria* Wrecked Off the Spanish Coast.

Trinacria which was reported yesterday as having been lost on Cape Villano, grounded at the exact spot where the British cruiser *Serpent* was lost on November 10th, 1890, when of the 276 persons on board only three were saved. The *Trinacria* has completely broken up. Her crew numbered 37 all told. Seven were saved, but nearly all of them sustained serious injuries. There were a number of passengers on the steamer, mostly members of the Mission of Gibraltar and soldiers belonging to the garrison at that place. Among the women on board were Mrs. Bell, who was on her way to rejoin her husband; Miss Sevell, belonging to the mission, who was returning from a furlough; Miss Stirling, a novice, and Kitty Smith, a child. All the women on board were drowned. The survivors of the disaster state that the *Trinacria* struck the Bermillas rocks at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning. An enormous hole was torn in her hull and she began to fill and sink immediately. The weather was bad and terrific breakers swept clear over the vessel, carrying everything before them. Several of the crew were caught up by the seas and carried overboard. Shortly after the steamer struck her masts went over the side, but nothing was done or could have been done to clear her of the wreckage. The seven survivors, seeing that there was no possible chance of the steamer being saved, jumped into the sea and were washed ashore. They landed almost naked, their clothes having been torn off in the buffeting they received while trying to reach the shore. The beach is strewn with bodies washed from the steamer.

THE WALKER TRAGEDY.

Pointed the Gun at Three Ladies Before Shooting the Hamilton Man.

James Stevens, of Thorold, who accidentally shot young Walker on January 26th, was committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter at Welland on Friday by Police Magistrate Helms. The evidence on which he was committed was similar to that taken by the coroner. Three young ladies at whom Stevens pointed the pistol testified

FATAL TO COCKRACHES AND WATER BUGS.
Write us at once by your Telegram. We will give fifty
percent where it has proved a failure if properly applied.

EWING, HERRON & CO., SPICE MERCHANTS.
Sole Mfrs., 570 & 581 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL.

G. P. BROWNE
WHOLESALE
WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANT.
Agent for John Robertson & Sons Scotch Whisky, James
Ferguson & Sons, Glasgow; Henkel & Delamain, Cognac,
Cognac, France, CHAMPAGNE, Vin de France, Vin d'Alsace
416 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

CITY HOTEL
MONTREAL
J. W. Lewis, - Proprietor
IN THE CENTRE OF THE BUSINESS PART OF THE CITY
ON NOTRE DAME STREET
CONVENIENT TO R. R. DEPOTS AND STEAMSHIP LINDINGS
Electric Cars Pass the Door.
EVERY MODERN IMPROVEMENT
RATES: \$1.50 to \$2.00.

MONTREAL WALL PAPER FACTORY
FIRST PRIZE AWARDED
EXHIBITION
SAMPLES TO THE TRADE ON APPLICATION
COLIN MCARTHUR & CO.
MONTREAL

CANADA TRUSS FACTORY
Est. 1875. F. GOSSET, Prop.
Appliances for all kinds of Physical Deformities, Groin, Improved Pat. Artificial Limbs.
PRICE 1/2 and 3/4 CIRCULARS
712 Craig Street, Montreal

BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTURERS
J. & T. STEPHENS, Wholesale, Booting & Shingling.

DEHORNING CLIPPERS
S. S. KIMBALL, 127 Craig

MUCILAGE & LIQUID GLUE MANFR.
F. AULD, Prices Right, 750 Craig

OSTRICH FEATHER MANFR.
W. SNOW, Repairs & Repairs, 1913 Notre Dame

SCALE MANUFACTURERS
W. GORDON & CO., 601 St. Paul

STENCILS, STEEL STAMPS, DIES, ETC.
G. W. DAWSON, Send for Prices, 740 Craig

R. PARKER & CO., Dyers & Cleaners
TORONTO.

LADIES' AND GENTS' WEARING APPAREL, OSTRICH PLUMES, DAMASK, LACE AND REPP CURTAINS, ETC., CLEANED AND DYED.

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS:
787 TO 791 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Express and Post Orders promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet, contains Price and Color List.

All orders for dyeing and cleaning of the following places will receive prompt attention: "Expre" Hook & Co., Napier; E. H. Lapp & Co., 1100 to B. S. O'Laughlin, Yorker. Ladies and gents garments finished to look like new.

Scientific American Agency for PATENTS
TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.
For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the
Scientific American
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00, a year, \$30.00 in advance. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York City.

...and went with me to see Nicholas Longworth. The latter was worth millions, but was never known to give a dollar for anything.

"I told the story. Longworth listened in silence, and when I was through blotted nervously in his chair, drew his cheque book from a drawer and began filling out a cheque. While he was writing Chase whispered, 'We will get about 50 from him.' A moment later Longworth wheeled around and handed me a cheque for \$1,000! We raised more money by telling what Longworth had done. When I went back to Lexington the day before the sale I carried \$2,275 and an agreement signed by Chase, Longworth and William Howard, another rich Cincinnati, empowering me to draw upon them, if necessary, to the extent of \$25,000. The sale took place in the public square and was attended by fully 2,000 people, drawn there by descriptions of the girl's comeliness and rumors of the effort that was to be made to save her. The best people of the town were there and a number of strangers from Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

"One man appeared to bid against me—a squat-figured, broad-shouldered, thick-necked, bullet-headed Frenchman from New Orleans, who I was told made it his business to attend sales of young girls and purchase them for a fate worse than death. Eliza when placed upon the block seemed ready to drop for fear and shame. The auctioneer began his work by pointing out her beauties, concluding with, 'What am I offered for her?'

"Five hundred," I cried. The New Orleans man instantly raised my bid \$100. I bid \$700, he \$800, I \$900, he \$1,000, I \$1,100, he \$1,200. When I raised his last bid to \$1,300 the Louisianian turned to me with an ugly look and said:

"How high are you going to bid?"

"Higher than you do, monsieur," I replied. "He turned away and bid \$1,325. I raised the bid to \$1,350. He, after a moment's hesitation, made it \$1,375. I again went him one better and made it \$1,400. Once more he turned to me and asked:

"How high are you going?"

"None of your business, sir, but you haven't enough money to buy this girl."

"After my bid of \$1,400 both the Frenchman and I bid slower, both being resolved to have the call when the hammer fell. The auctioneer grew impatient, crying 'Give, give.' Finally he dropped his hammer, and, tearing open Eliza's waist, exposed a bust as perfect as ever artist sculptured. 'Look, gentlemen, he cried.

"Too bad!" "What a shame," ran through the crowd at sight of this indignity.

"In the midst of the excitement the Frenchman bid \$1,450 and I \$1,475. Then here was another lull. It seemed to madden the auctioneer. He bared the girl's body from feet to waist and crying hoarsely, 'An, gentlemen, isn't she a beauty? What's the next bid?'

"The murmur of disgust deepened into a roar. That auctioneer gave me the only moment of my life when I felt the desire to kill a fellow-man. But I was too excited to speak until my contestant bid \$1,480. The hammer quivered; Eliza and her aunt, who were standing by my side, gave me a look of anxiety and anguish I shall never forget.

"Are you all done," yelled the auctioneer. "Once, twice, three—\$1,485 85-85-85—and I'm going to strike this girl off in one minute. Once, twice, three—times and sold."

"The hammer fell and the girl was mine. An instant later she tottered back into the arms of her aunt in a deep swoon.

"She is yours, young man," said the auctioneer, "and you've got her cheap. What are you going to do with her?"

"Free her, sir, and my answer awoke a cheer, which, rising to a Kentucky shout, rent the air. As soon as they could be made out, I handed Eliza the papers which legally set her free.

"Four days after the sale I took Eliza to Cincinnati, where she became a member of the family of Gamaliel Bailey. Under his care she received a finished education, married well, and to-day is where I last heard of her, a cheerful, charming matron of 62. Only the members of her immediate family know the history of her early years; so you will understand why I do not give you her full name.

A woman may not always be able to discriminate, but she can tell a good secret as soon as she hears it.

Sarah Bernhardt, the actress, was once a dressmaker's apprentice.

...the vessel ascertained. Owing to the terrific weather it was necessary to lie until Friday morning, when the Pomeranian was steered for Greenock. The scene at the burial of Capt. Dalziel was one of the saddest ever witnessed at sea. The captain breathed his last on Sunday morning, and at midday his body was committed to the waves. The crew and passengers stood by silently weeping during the simple and mournful ceremony. The waves were running mountains high, and all felt that they, too, might soon be with their departed captain. Veteran sailors who were on board declared that during an experience of 30 years the storm was the worst they ever encountered. If the ship had not been staunch and discipline good they would have foundered.

Purser Low was asked in an interview why the vessel did not continue on its voyage westward. He replied that had not the surviving officer decided to run back, none would have been left to tell the tale. One heavy sea, he stated, carried away the two quartermasters from the wheel, swept away the chart and compasses and disabled the steering apparatus. The Pomeranian then swung her head round and the officers saw no alternative but to keep away by the wind as much as possible. As for himself, Purser Low said that he had a lucky escape. He was just stepping on deck to go to the deck saloon when he saw the saloon swept away to sea, leaving a big gap, through which volumes of water poured from the deck through the cabin and the saloon. The crew and passengers worked heroically in repairing the damages, although expecting every moment that the vessel would founder.

Speaking of the funeral of Capt. Dalziel, Purser Low said that it was the most solemn spectacle he had ever witnessed. One hundred and twenty people were grouped around the body, mutely anticipating their own death and following with tear-swimming eyes the remains of their late commander disappearing in the hungry waves that seemed to roar for additional prey. The passengers were delighted on learning that the vessel was turned back. Although the discomfort that had been endured was very great, nobody complained. Everybody looked forward with eagerness to safe arrival on land, and all were only too glad to be alive to complain of lack of accommodations. The interior of the Pomeranian is badly damaged and will require extensive repairs.

The Decline of Oatmeal Porridge.

Although Queen Victoria is said to retain the custom of a dish of oatmeal porridge, served every morning in a blue china bowl, the fashion of oatmeal as a necessary breakfast dish has sensibly declined in this country. Some people frankly do not like oatmeal; others assert that it is injurious to the complexion; most prefer varied food, which contains the same elements of nutriment as oatmeal. There are various morning dishes which may be served as a porridge. Among the most palatable are white wheat, cerealine, wheatena, wheatlet, hominy, cracked wheat and yellow Indian meal mush. Any kind of wheat food is palatable when served with cream, and it forms a useful addition to the breakfast. The Scotchman will have his bowl of oatmeal porridge each morning and his bowl of milk near by, but the American taste prefers a variety of food and does not take kindly to the oatmeal custom.

What the Presidents Died of.

Rutherford B. Hayes was the only occupant of the White House to die of heart disease, says the *Columbus Journal*. Washington expired of pneumonia. John Adams, of natural decline. Thomas Jefferson, of chronic diarrhoea. James Madison and James Monroe, of natural decline. John Quincy Adams, of paralysis. Andrew Jackson, of consumption. Martin Van Buren, of asthmatic catarrh. William D. Harrison, of pleurisy. John Tyler, of a bilious attack. James K. Polk, of chronic diarrhoea. Zachary Taylor, of bilious fever. Millard Fillmore, of natural decline. Franklin Pierce, of inflammation of the stomach. James Buchanan, of rheumatic gout. Abraham Lincoln, assassinated. Andrew Johnson, paralysis. U. S. Grant, cancer. James A. Garfield, assassinated. Chester A. Arthur, Bright's disease.

Reason in All Things.

Bingo (at breakfast)—Seems to me those waffles come up very slow.
Mrs Bingo—My dear, the cook hasn't had her breakfast yet.

A bronze statue of Burns is to be erected in Denver, Col., for which W. Grant Stevenson, of Edinburgh, has sent over designs both for a standing and a seated figure.

...which he was committed was similar to that taken by the coroner. Three young ladies at whom Stevens pointed the pistol testified as follows:

Priscilla Moffatt, sworn—Live at Merritt-ton. On the night of January 26th was at Mr. Loog's, of Thorold township, with a sleighing party. Saw Stevens with a pistol in his hand, and he pointed it at me, saying jestingly, "Your money or your life." I stepped aside and the revolver went off. I saw Walker fall. There was only one shot fired.

Bessie Atkins, sworn—Was at the party. Saw Stevens. He pointed the pistol at me, but did not make any remark. Heard the report of the pistol and saw Walker fall. The pistol that made the report was in Stevens' hands. Heard that one Strong had pointed the pistol at some of the party.

Lola Donaldson, sworn—Stevens pointed the pistol at me. Did not think the pistol was loaded, so paid no attention to it.

The Magistrate committed Stevens to trial at the next competent court, and accepted bail for his appearance.

Capital and Labor

Mr. Z. S. Holbrook, of Chicago, in a dissertation on the late Homestead difficulty, sums up at follows:

1. Work is a blessing, not a curse.
2. The greatest philanthropist is he who furnishes employment to others.
3. Aggregations of capital are beneficial to society, as they reduce the cost of production.
4. Capital and labor are partners, but capitalists and laborers are not.
5. Labor must choose between the certainty of wages and the vicissitudes and risks of profit and loss.
6. Having chosen wages as its part, when wages are paid the obligations of capital cease, except such as pertain to the domain of private conscience.
7. The obligations of capital to share profits with labor are no greater than those of others to share their surplus with the needy.
8. No man can show authority for dictating to capital its duty to labor when agreed wages have been paid.
9. Honesty, industry and thrift are the basic elements of wealth.
10. The capitalists of to-day were the wage-earners of yesterday, and the laborers of to-day can become the capitalists of tomorrow.
11. The mounds of property are dissipated by the sure laws of nature; hence the State does not need to assist in the work.
12. It is not a crime to acquire and to own. It may be a crime not to do so if one has the ability. Acquiring must not be confounded with avarice.
- Finally—Man has an inherent and inalienable right to labor, and this right must not be interfered with by unions or strikers. It is not the business of government to aid in the acquisition of money or to make property, but to protect every man, the humblest and the wealthiest, in his lawful efforts to acquire and enjoy the fruits of his labor.

India Rubber Roads.

New ideas in paving have lately attracted attention, says *St. Louis*. Among these is the paving of a bridge by a German engineer with India rubber, the result having been so satisfactory as to induce its application on a much larger scale, a point in its favor being that it is much more durable than asphalt and not slippery.

In London a section of roadway under the gate leading to the departure platform of the St. Pancras terminus has for some time past been paved with this material, with the effect of deadening the sound made when being passed over on wheels, besides the comfortable elasticity afforded to foot passengers.

Another material which is being satisfactorily introduced for this purpose is composed of granulated cork and bitumen pressed into blocks, and which are laid like bricks or wood paving, the special advantage secured in this case being that of elasticity.

Accommodating.

Husband—After to-day I'm going in to try a new plan with you. Every time you get a new dress it must be understood that I can invite my friends here to a little poker party and a merry time generally.

Wife (sweetly)—You can have them every night, dear, if you want to.

"What was your objection to my predecessor?" asked the missionary of the aesthetic cannibal. "He was utterly devoid of taste," returned the cannibal, with a wry face.

PROFIT IN BUTTER.

Thirty-Five Cents a Pound all the Year Round.

CLEANLINESS AND FEEDING.

900 Pounds of Butter From a Single Cow.

A SMART WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE

The Quebec Chronicle says that, at the meeting of the Farmers' Congress in that city Mr. Castel, Secretary of the Dairy-men's Association of St. Hyacinthe, translated and read exceedingly well, in excellent French, a valuable paper from Mrs. Euza M. Jones, of Brockville, proprietress of the well-known and lucrative model dairy of that place. This is, to farmers, and all interested in agriculture, by far the most interesting paper read so far before the Congress, and consequently we give its main features, below:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—I have been asked to prepare a paper on dairy matters, to be read before this, the first Congress of Farmers, in the Province of Quebec. I can hardly tell which feeling predominates in my mind, intense pleasure at the honor done me, or a deep sense of the importance of this occasion. I need not enlarge upon my own diffidence, such remarks are an old story, but I will tell you why I respond so cheerfully to the call. When I was a child I often went, with my companions, to gather wild strawberries, but the berries were scarce and the search was tiresome. If a passing farmer said, "Children, I hear there are good berries in such a field, over yonder," we gave him doubtful belief, and did not always go. But if one of our number, who was actually picking berries, called out, "come on girls, here is a splendid spot," we just tumbled over one another in our anxiety to get there, and all shared in the good luck.

Now, I have found "a good spot" in dairying, a great spot, and I want you all to come on, just as fast as you can, and share in my luck. My whole life has been spent in dairying, and after struggling through untold difficulties, and proving each step as I went by dear bought experience, I have at last attained a brilliant success, and I want others to share it. Look at it in this way:

The average cow of the country makes 150 pounds of butter a year, which sells at an average of 20 cents. Indeed, I doubt if they do as well as this.

My cows produce from 250 pounds all the way to 500 pounds butter a year, and sometimes far more. All my butter sells at 35 cents per pound all the year round, right at my own place. I have no express or freight charges to pay, and I do not even have to print it.

In my herd, the usual grain ration for each animal in full milk varies from 7 to 10 lbs. per cow, each day. This is composed of ground oats, ground peas, wheat bran and, occasionally, a very little oil meal. The ration is divided into two feeds and given night and morning, upon the ensilage. Should the silo be empty, the grain is always fed upon hay that has been cut and moistened.

The quantity of ensilage fed is 30 to 40 lbs. a day. At noon my cattle get a very small feed of cut carrots or mangels, and any further supply of food required consists of bright, early cured long hay, put in their mangers. They get all the salt they need, all the water they want twice a day, and each cow is well carded and brushed over every day. Whenever weather permits, they are turned out for a short time, about noon, but are never left out till cold and tired. The barns are thoroughly cleaned out twice a day. With this feed and care I have 2-year-old heifers making from 21 to 14 lbs. butter a week, and mature cows, making from 16 to 19 lbs. a week. To a very uncommon cow I feed a larger ration. My famous old "Mariana" eats more than the quantity I have just mentioned, but what does she yield? Being in her 16th year, when she was born, she gave in 11 months and 9 days 8,290 lbs. milk, which churned 654 lbs. three-fourths oz. of magnificent butter and then died.

but this liberal-minded treatment on the part of my Eastern friends, is peculiarly gratifying to me. Let me thank you, from my heart, and let me at the same time congratulate you, on having in the French-Canadian cattle of your country one of the grandest and most profitable breeds on the face of the earth.

My friend, Mr. Tyles, once took me to see Mr. Dionne's herd, and I was surprised and delighted, while the sample of butter given me rivalled that of my beloved Jerseys. In these cattle you have almost boundless possibilities, and I predict a great dairy future for the Province of Quebec.

"You have three more great causes of thankfulness, though a very brief mention must suffice. I allude to the large number of well-equipped butter and cheese factories; to the presence of the travelling dairy among you, and to the excellent schemes now on foot for establishing winter dairying as the rule and not the exception.

"One can hardly overestimate the immense advantages of the co-operative system in making both cheese and butter. Fifty years ago we all made butter and cheese at home; for the same reason we travelled in a stage-coach, because we had to—there was no other way. But the march of progress has brought us many good things, many labor saving things, and I do assure you that one of the greatest of these is Co-operative Dairying. Why is not every man a blacksmith, to shoe his own horses, or a manufacturer, to make his own binding or reaping machines? Just because those things can be done better, quicker, and consequently, cheaper, by those who make it their life-long business, and whom constant practice makes perfect. While the farmer, on the other hand, can use the time to better advantage, the factories can give you the benefit of such skill, such uniformity, and such market facilities as can only be found occasionally in private dairies.

The paper then dealt with the importance of frequent churning of milk, which is accomplished by the factory principle, and also of paying for milk according to its quality, which is not yet done by the factories and consequently works against their usefulness, placing a premium as it does on quantity of milk as opposed to quality. This, however, would shortly be remedied, at least the writer of the paper felt certain that it would. She continued:

Lastly, the idea of winter dairying, is one of the greatest scope, and the highest importance, and is destined to work a revolution in farm life. Make the bulk of your butter in winter, if you wish to average a larger quantity, a better price, and a higher profit. Also, better cows, and more and better manure. You will also secure a more even distribution of your labor, so it won't be all a feast or a famine. Sometimes, for half the winter, the teams are comparatively idle, and the men have time to sit around the village store. Now I like their having a little leisure and sitting around the stove, and exchanging ideas. But do not carry it too far. You can milk the cows and take the milk to the factory in winter and still have time for reading, recreation and social intercourse. The cow that calves in September will yield well all winter—when grass comes, it will send her along again, for a while, and when she does fail, it will be in July and August, just when you are heated and tired with haying and harvest, and do not want to be bothered with her. Just when the cow is tired and hot, and worried with flies, and only wants to stand in the shade and switch her tail, and just when butter brings the lowest price in the whole year. I hold that the same cow is worth ten dollars more a year if she calves in September than if she calves in April.

SAVED HIS FINGERS.

After Being Off Seven Hours They Again Grew On.

An interesting and curious case, illustrating the recuperative power of nature, has just been recorded by a surgeon. A workman while attending a machine used for cutting blocks off tin had the tips of two of the fingers of his left hand clean cut off with the knife. Seven hours afterward the man went to the hospital for treatment. The surgeon determined to attempt to replace the missing portions of the fingers, although the prospect of getting them to unite seemed to be most remote. The wounds were carefully cleansed, and the ends of the fingers were restored to their places and fixed by sutures. In a fortnight firm union was found to have occurred, and when the patient was next seen, after a considerable lapse of time, the surgeon was able to note that both motion and sensation were perfect in the ends of the fingers.—Manchester Guardian

GILLET'S
PURE
POWDERED
LYE
100%
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 25 pounds Sal Soda.
Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.
L. W. GILLET, Toronto.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
MILLER'S EMULSION
OF PURE
NORWEGIAN
COD
LIVER OIL
WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA
Palatable as cream. No oily taste like others. In big bottles, 50c. and \$1.00.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE TONIC AND Stomach and Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar.
It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

Nervousness,	Broken Constitution,
Nervous Prostration,	Debility of Old Age,
Nervous Headache,	Indigestion and Dyspepsia,
Sick Headache,	Heartburn and Sour Stomach,
Female Weakness,	Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,
Nervous Chills,	Loss of Appetite,
Paralysis,	Frightful Dreams,
Nervous Paroxysms and	Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears,
Nervous Choking,	Weakness of Extremities and
Hot Flashes,	Fainting,
Palpitation of the Heart	Impure and Impoverished Blood,
Mental Despondency,	Boils and Carbuncles,
Sleeplessness,	Scrofula,
St. Vitus' Dance,	Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers,
Nervousness of Females,	Consumption of the Lungs,
Nervousness of Old Age,	Catarrh of the Lungs,
Neuralgia,	Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,
Pains in the Heart,	Liver Complaint,
Pains in the Back,	Chronic Diarrhoea,
Failing Health,	Delicate and Scrofulous Children,
	Summer Complaint of Infants.

All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the

...detailed her, she gave in 11 months and 9 days 8,290 lbs. milk, which churned 654 lbs. three-fourths oz. of magnificent butter, and then dropped a fine heifer calf. With her previous owner, when she was younger, she is credited with 900 lbs. butter in a year, and her record is accepted by everyone.

Some people say that this large butter yield wears a cow out. Well, it has not worn "Massena" out, for she is hale and hearty and as bright as a dollar, and due to calf again next April, when 17 years old.

Some cows will respond far more readily than others. In my little book lately printed, "Dairying for Profit," I have given a year's feeding of a cow I once owned. The ration was very large, but then she was an exceptional cow, and her yield was very large, so that she gave me an actual cash profit for butter alone of \$49.70 in the year, over and above her keep. As you will see by reference to my book, I made no charge against her for actual attendance or barn room. But, on the other hand, I gave her no credit for the quantity of skim milk and buttermilk, for the large pile of manure and for the fine heifer calf she gave me. So you will see that the profit I mention is, if anything, under-estimated. It has been said to me this was an exceptional animal, and that few cows would respond to feeding as she did. Precisely; that just hits the nail on the head. Now what we want to do is to get rid of those poor cows that will not respond to feeding. Beef them, bury them, but do get rid of them, for they are mortgaging your farm and making slaves of your wives and families, and sinking you deeper into debt every year they exist. And fill the country with cows that will respond to good feeding, that will pull you out of debt and leave you a good balance in the bank. I do not extol one breed above another, for circumstances alter cases, and it is folly to disparage one noble breed of cattle just because you happen to prefer another. It is like the man who said there were only two sorts of dogs in the world, "the dog that he kept himself, and the ones that every one else kept." This is all wrong. We have many grand dairy breeds to choose from, so I will say to you most earnestly, choose the breed that suits you best, then get the very best individuals of that breed, and give them the best of feed and care, and you will never regret it. Let me say that any one who tries can do better than I have done, because few have such difficulties to contend against. The man of great wealth has the "sinews of war," with which to carry on his enterprise, and we all know what plenty of capital means in business. If united with brains and perseverance it means assured success.

The plain farmer, on the other hand, may not have the capital, but he generally has a good farm out in the country, where land value is less and taxes are less, and has comparatively little outlay for labor, because he himself, and all his family, work as few hirelings can do. But I live just on the edge of town, where the rent of land is enormous and yet the land itself is rocky and poor, and I have to hire all my labor. On the other hand, I have not the advantage of getting the work done like the farmer, within ourselves, and on the other hand, starting with very little means, I had not the advantage of the capital possessed by my wealthier friends. In fact, to use a homely saying, I have been all the time "between the devil and the deep sea." Yet I have proved that a Canadian dairy may be made a great business, and a paying business, even under adverse circumstances, and with the very plainest surroundings. You can all do as well, and most of you can do better. It makes me heart-sick to hear those of my own sex wishing they could earn some money, to see them peddling books and corsets, working in factories or writing trashy novels, for only enough to keep soul and body together, and all the time they have right at hand an industry more noble, more profitable and far more independent. One that will elevate themselves, and the whole community, and enable them to confer a lasting benefit upon the country in which they live and die. In answer to hundreds of requests I have printed my book, "Dairying for Profit," which tells how I keep my cattle and make my butter. And proud and happy I am to tell you, that Hon. John Dryden has ordered 5,000 copies for free distribution among the farmers of Ontario, and I only hope he will like it well enough to order 100,000 more. Also that Hon. Mr. Angers will do the same. Still more gratified I am that the Quebec Government has also ordered a number of copies. It might not be surprising that my work should be recognized in my own Province, where I have lived and labored.

considerable lapse of time, the surgeon was able to note that both motion and sensation were perfect in the ends of the fingers.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Of London Stations.

The roof span of St. Pancras is 240 feet. Euston was built over a graveyard, whence the bones had been removed.

At the Broad street station a petrified giant has been kept for charges for years.

At Waterloo the head switchman occupies a little hut, or crow's nest, away up in the roof.

A pair of carriage horses was the largest "lost article" ever auctioned off by a railroad company.

The largest freight station in the world, that of the Northwestern at Broad street, covers seventeen acres.

No London station is particularly beautiful. Many are run in connection with mammoth hotels, which mask their fronts.

St. Pancras freight station has twenty-two small private stations or compartments, each of which is rented, complete, to a business firm.

At the Waterloo a train once came in whose engineer and fireman were both asleep, standing at their posts. The train went throughout the wall and ploughed up the street.

British Labor Commission.

From the important and interesting statistics given to the Labor Commission on Tuesday by Mr. Giffen, of the Board of Trade, several curious and novel deductions were drawn. Out of the total annual income of the United Kingdom at large, amounting to £1,400,000,000, the savings reach £240,000,000 per annum, and the investments in foreign stocks yield from £80,000,000 to £100,000,000. The total amount of wages earned is about £633,000,000, divided among 13,200,000 workers, men, women and children, at the average of £48 per head per annum. The loss by strikes and lock-outs, amounting in one year to £1,292,000, is a fraction less than 1 per cent. of the whole wages of the country. Fluctuations in business affect the whole trade of the kingdom to the extent of from one to six per cent. The total immigration of persons who come to stay reached a maximum of 21,000 in 1891, including Russian and Polish Jews, but has since been diminishing and affects one or two particular trades only.

History of the Fuchsia.

It is said that the first fuchsia was introduced into England by a sailor from Chili in 1746. A plant from this was sold to an English nurseryman for over \$400. Between 1830 and 1840 hybrids became rather common. The modern race of fuchsias dates from the introduction of fuchsia fulgens. The white corolla varieties appeared in 1855. The raiser of them, dying about the same time that they were produced, left no knowledge as to how he obtained them. There are a large number of species in South America, many of them in many respects far more beautiful than the hybrid varieties, but not having been pushed by florists, they have, in a great measure, gone out of cultivation.

Oh, What a Difference!

"I had an idea that that little poem I wrote was a very musical bit of verse. I've changed my mind though."

"Why?"

"I heard a proofreader read it."

Merchant—Now, here is a piece of good that speaks for itself. Uncle Haysred—Well, that wouldn't suit Mandy. She likes to do her own talking.

"You wish me to be your wife? Why, I've known you only 15 minutes!" "That is true, madame; but I wished to give one lady the opportunity of saying with truth: 'This is so sudden!'"

When a man begins by saying, "Of course it is none of my business, but—" it is a sign that he is going to make it his business, and advise you what to do.

The fleeces of ten goats and the work of several men for half a year are required to make a genuine cashmere shawl a yard and a half wide.

"Chappie's married Snip the tailor's daughter." "Yes, and did you hear of the magnificent present Snip's professional brethren made the happy pair?" "No." "A full set of Chappie's unpaid tailor bills, receipted."

Mrs. Goodkind—There's only one trouble about poor Mr. Caroles. He's generous to a fault. Mr. Gruff—Humph! It's a pity that he isn't generous to his family.

...may be seen are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nerve has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous derangement.

CRAWFORDVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86.

To the Great South American Medicine Co. Dear Gentlemen—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nerve Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervous system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.

J. A. HARRIS, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness, of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, and indigestion, until my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly, with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nerve, which done me more good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy; a few bottles of it has cured me completely. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world."

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nerve and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

State of Indiana,
Montgomery County, } ss:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nerve Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nerve Tonic.

HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: "I owe my life to the Great South American Nerve Tonic. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nerve Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nerve Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nerve Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nerve as a cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nerve as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle-aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious tonic. If you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nerve is perfectly safe and very pleasant to the taste. Indicate ladies, do not fail to use this great tonic because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, \$1.00.

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

For Sale By DETLOR & FULLERTON, DRUGGISTS, Nap'neer.

Do you suffer from disease of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys or Bowels? Do you suffer from Rheumatism or Gout? Try them. Do you suffer from Skin Disease, Boils, Sores, Bad Legs, Wounds or Ulcers? Try them and be healed.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

This is the result of their use in every part of the world. They are genuine remedies, used by rich and poor with never-failing success.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AT
**THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON.**

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, they are spurious.

Passing Under the Rod.

I saw a young bride, in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on
her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond
heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing
earth.
By the chain which her tenderness wove;
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleed-
ing and torn
And the chain had been severed in two.
She had changed her white robes for the sabbly
of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe;
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her
heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
He had strengthened the chain he had broken
in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies;
There had whispered a voice, 'twas the voice
of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee! Pass under the
rod!"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips as they mur-
mured her name,
While the drowsier lay smiling in joy.
O! sweet is the roselod encircled in dew,
When its fragrance is rising on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother she seemed
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw, when she gazed on the same
lovely form,
Pale as marble and silent and cold—
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told;
But the Healer was there, who had stricken
her heart,
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven He has placed it on
earth.
And the mourners will sweetly obey,
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice
of her God:
"I love thee, I love thee! Pass under the
rod!"

I saw a fond father and mother who leaned
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their
gaze.
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life promised
fair,
And the pathway grew smooth to their feet;
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at
the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet,
And I saw them again bending low o'er the
grave
Where their hearts' dearest hope had been
laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of
night,
And the joy from their bosoms had fled,
But the Healer was there, and His arms were
around
And He led them with tenderest care;
And He showed them a star in the bright upper
world,
'Twas their star shining brilliantly there,
They had each heard a voice, 'twas the voice
of their God,
"I love thee, I love thee! Pass under the rod."

Mother.

Of all the ways I've wandered, of all the roads
I've tread,
Of all the paths I've sauntered, of all the boys
I've led,
Of all the maids I've courted, of all the women
seen,
There never was a dearer than my old mother's
been.

Yes! oft up in the cottage when the day was
almost done,
When sitting on the doorstep behind the green,
green lawn,
There many a happy hour I passed with my old
mother sweet,
That the wealth and gold of ages such scenes
cannot repeat.

When a little urchin I ran and scampered
past,
And sported on the same old lawn and played
upon the grass,
There was always one to love me, to comfort
and caress,
And that was my old mother, that God may
always bless.

And now as oft I wander, 'mongst palaces and
domes,
And wend my way in lordly halls, in kings and
princes' homes,
And listen to bold commoners in wild and fierce
debate,
My mind is tinged with anguish and my soul it
burns with hate.

And among my happiest moments, at the
climax of success,
Among the prettiest women and the choicest of
the guests,
There is not a thought so happy, or half so
blest a lot
As the thought of my old mother up in the
hillside cot.

Wet-Weather Talk.

(James Whitcomb Riley.)

It hain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends
rain,
Why, rain's my choice.

"Generally to all intents—
Although they're apt to grumble some—
Puts most thes'true in Providence,
And takes this as they come—
That is, the commonality
Of men that's lived as long as me
Has watched the world enough to learn
They're not the boss of this concern."

With some, of course, its different—
I've saw young men that knowed it all,
And didn't like the way things went
On this terrestrial ball;
But all the same, the rain, some way,

OVER THE WIRE.

GOOD-BYE, Hal!" the conductor
called from his perch in the turret
of the yellow caboose of freight
train No. 43.
"Good-bye!" Keanley answered
as he trudged along beside the long
train toward the small depot be-
yond the brown water tank.
The engine soon slaked its thirst at the tank
and got under way again. A moment later
the caboose passed Keanley and with ever
increasing speed away on toward the
curve at the Lone Mound.

As Keanley neared the little depot the
strains of a violin floated toward him. Soft
and sweet came the tune, like the tinkle of
musical glasses, and there was in it a
pathetic, walling undertone, as if the player
was striving to tell in music of a heartache
and trials bravely borne.
Keanley could hardly repress an ejacula-
tion of surprise as he entered the little
office and beheld the wielder of the magic
bow, a pale-faced boy, almost a child. As
the lad carefully deposited the violin in the
open box at his side and slowly rose, Keanley
saw that the little fellow was a cripple.
One leg, distorted and shrivelled, swung a
useless member. Resting on his crutches,
the boy raised his hat.

"You're the new agent, I s'pose," he
said.

"Yes," Keanley answered, "I am the
new agent. And who are you?" he con-
tinued, kindly. "The ex-agent?"

"No, only his son," the boy replied.
"And where is your father?"

"Over there on the slope."

The boy's chin quivered as he spoke.
Keanley looked from the window. On the
slope of the Lone Mound was a tiny grave-
yard. One oblong black blotch in its
midst marked a new-made grave. The agent
was there.

"Pardon me," Keanley said; "I did not
know. My instructions simply told me to
take charge of the station. I supposed the
agent had been promoted or discharged."

"He was promoted," the boy said
gravely.

"And what will you do now?" Keanley
asked presently.

"I don't know," the boy answered. "I've
been thinking and thinking, but it's no use.
I don't know what to do. Perhaps the
superintendent will give me a place in an
office. I can write a fair hand and wire
pretty well, but I ain't much on heavy
work."

This last with a rueful look at his crutches.
Then Keanley lied, and deliberately, too.
He had no need of an assistant, but a light-
ning resolve flashed through his brain and
he said to the cripple:

"You are just the chap I am looking for.
I need a boy to help me."

"What for?" asked the lad.

"To—to—why, to write and look out for
things generally," Keanley answered half
desperately. "I'll feel safer to gad about
when I have an assistant whom I know I
can trust. Then, too, I might be sick, you
know."

The boy looked doubtfully at him. "If
you are in earnest, I'll jump at the chance
to stay," he said.

"In earnest?" Keanley cried in pretended
plique at the lad's doubt. "Of course I am.
Do you think I don't know my own mind,
young man?"

The boy said nothing. And so it was
settled, and crippled Ben became Keanley's
assistant, although there was not work
enough to occupy half of one person's time.

As the days when the breeze brought the
scent of the perfume of the wild verbenas were
succeeded by those when the snow came
with a rush and a hiss against the little
depot Keanley grew more than fond of the
little cripple. To be sure, to board and
clothe the lad and to pay him an occasional
dollar made quite a gap in each month's
salary, but Keanley never grudging a penny
of it. It was pay enough to witness the
boy's gratitude and to see the lad's great
eyes following him with their glances of
positive beatitude.

Often and often the violin sang its sweet
songs, but now they seldom had the pitiful,
walling undertone.

The lad's father had planned to do justice
to his talent by having him taught by a
master of the violin. Now Keanley and
little Ben planned in a happy, visionary
way. They were to save what money they
could, and thus little Ben was to have
the coveted musical instruction. But at
last, the accumulation of funds went on
slowly.

The plans of the two went further than
this. Keanley had "once upon a time"
been foolish enough to fall in love with old
Senator Hicks' daughter and she returned
his love. The old Senator, when he found

he slipped and fell headlong upon the plat-
form.

Passing just above the back of the fire-
man, as he bent to open the furnace door,
the crutch struck the engineer's shoulder
with a force that made him cry out. His
quick perception took in the situation, and
he knew that something serious had caused
the train to be signalled in that manner.
Soon the train came to a standstill. Then
it backed up to the little depot, and the
engineer, crutch in hand, descended hur-
riedly from the cab. He found the owner
of the crutch crawling to his feet with a
face much paler than usual. The story was
soon told, and then it was retold in the
parlor car, where the conductor speedily
carried little Ben.

In the cab the engineer said to the grimy
fireman:

"Bill, it almost makes me ashamed of
myself to have my life saved by such a
weak, pale little fellow, as a cripple at
that." Though not numerous the passen-
gers in the parlor car were generous,
and the sum of money that they dropped
into the hat, passed by a white-bearded
man whom they called "senator," was a
goodly one. Then when little Ben had
bashfully expressed his gratitude he asked
timidly if any one present could tell him
where to go to obtain the coveted musical
education. The story of his hopes had to
be told, and when he was done the white-
bearded man cleared his throat in a manner
that sounded suspiciously as if he was chok-
ing back a sob. Then he took Ben into the
little depot, and the two talked earnestly
together.

When Keanley returned, muddy and wet,
but minus the aching tooth, he was astonished
to see the special standing in front of the
depot, and Senator Hicks and little Ben in
earnest conversation in the office. The old
Senator did not appear to recognize Keanley.

"So you are the agent, young man," he
said. "Allow me to congratulate you upon
your good judgment in selecting so efficient
an assistant. Now let me introduce my re-
cently engaged private secretary, who will
accompany me when the special leaves."

The old man laid his hand carelessly on
Ben's shoulder.

"And," spoke Ben eagerly. "he says I
shall have the best teacher he can find, and
all the time I want to study."

Soon the special left to return to Hamil-
ton, and with it went little Ben.

"Good-by! Good-by!" the cripple called
from the receding parlor car, and Keanley
answered with a mechanical farewell.

Then he sat in the little office and stared
modestly at the fire for a long time.

"How lonesome it is without him?" he
said. "I loved that little cripple, I think."

Then the sounder began to tick from
Hamilton and the message came.

"Good by, old fellow. Little Ben."

Then Keanley sat listening to the falling
rain for a long time.

Three months later he was surprised at
seeing Senator Hicks and little Ben alight
from a train at the faded station.

"Young man," said the Senator, abruptly,
"how much of that \$10,000 have you accumu-
lated, hey?"

"A trifle over \$100," Keanley answered
dejectedly.

"Near enough, near enough?" jerked the
old man. "This boy has been continually
talking of you, and—and—I sometimes
change my mind, and well, there is a girl
at my house who seems anxious to see
you."

And so it all turned out happily, just as
all stories should.

There is a new agent at Lone Mound sta-
tion now, and Hal Keanley is rising in the
lucrative position procured for him by the
old Senator.

At the wedding that made Keanley Sen-
ator Hicks' son-in-law, a young musical
artist, who, though a cripple, is rapidly ris-
ing in popular favor, held the guests almost
spell-bound by the strains of a violin that
seemed singing a song of happiness.—Tom
P. Morgan.

HOW TO GROW OLD.

Temperance, Moderate Exertion and Peace
of Mind are Important.

An essential to longevity consists in regu-
lar and temperate habits of living. In
studying the habits of persons who have
reached advanced age it is found that in
the large majority of cases great moderation
in eating and drinking has been the rule
throughout life. Gluttony is an enemy to
both health and longevity, while as to alco-
holism we have the testimony of the presi-
dent of one of our oldest life insurance com-
panies that "among persons selected with
care for physical soundness and sobriety,
the death rate is more profoundly affected
by the use of intoxicating drinks

A TERRIBLE WEAPON.

A Gun that Rains Shot and Shell on
the Enemy.

THE HOTCHKISS MACHINE GUN.



MANY a Parisian does not
know that one of the most
celebrated gun factories in the
world is located here in Paris,
says the European edition of
the N. Y. Herald. Nestling be-
hind the parapets of one of the
second lines of the Parisian
forts is a group of workshops
whose external appearance
gives no idea of the death deal-
ing material which issues
thence. Creak by jowl with
the traverses of the Fort de la Double Cour-
onne lie the works of the great Hotchkiss
Gun Company.

Guns in all stages of construction, shells,
cartridge cases, naval gun mounts, field
piece carriages and all the accessories that
belong to rapid fire guns and revolving can-
non for battle service are here undergoing
different operations in buildings covering a
space of ninety thousand square feet. Last
year these works turned out 460 guns, rang-
ing in size from the 1-pounder to the 55-
pounder. About six hundred men are em-
ployed.

Fine qualities in the steel produce guns
capable of withstanding very heavy traverse
strains, pressures of from 22 to 23 tons to
the square inch having been withstood in
the Hotchkiss six-pounders when making
tests with smokeless powders. Of course
these pressures are exceptional. The
theoretical strength of the Hotchkiss gun is
sufficient to withstand

27.6 TONS PER SQUARE INCH.

In service, with the powders specially pre-
pared for the guns, the maximum pressures
range from 13.6 to 15.5 tons to the square
inch, leaving an ample margin of safety.

The general design of the Hotchkiss
rapid-fire gun for quick fire, as it is called
in England, is a main tube strengthened at
the breech by a jacket shrunk on, and also
in the heavier guns by bands extending a
considerable distance forward of the jacket.
The jacket carries the trunnions and the
breech mechanism. With a few unimport-
ant exceptions the breech block works
up and down in a vertical slot,
being manipulated by a lever on
the right hand side. One quick movement
drops the breech block below the level of
the chamber, and simultaneously the empty
cartridge case remaining in the gun from
the previous shot is thrown backward clear
of the gun. The ammunition is put up

IN ONE PIECE.

like the cartridge of a revolver. There is a
brass tube, closed at one end. This con-
tains a fulminate and the power charge, and
the projectile is just held in the open end.
As soon as the breech plug is dropped a
fresh cartridge is pushed in by one of the
gears until the flange on its closed end
catches on the extractor. Then a turn of
the lever throws the breech block up, auto-
matically forcing the cartridge wholly into
place, cocking the firing trigger and releas-
ing the safety device, which makes it im-
possible to fire the gun until the breech is
absolutely tight shut.

If the trigger should be pulled and there
should be a "hang fire" the gunner, in the
noise and excitement of the battle, might
take it for granted that the gun had gone
off and might throw open the breech to
reload. Then, when firing at intervals of
only

TWO AND A HALF SECONDS,

the cartridge might hold fire just long
enough to explode when the breech was
opened and kill the gunners behind it.
An ingenious device has been attached,
therefore, which keeps the breech auto-
matically locked until there is an explosion.
This device can be unlocked whenever a
misfire occurs, or when going through the
motions of firing or drill. For most of
the guns one man points and fires the
gun, while the other works the breech
block lever and pops the cartridges into
the chamber.

As great is the rapidity, accuracy and
power of the Hotchkiss guns that
some navy experts expect to see three-
fourths of an action fought with these or
similar pieces, which they think will
silence and

PUT OUT OF ACTION.

all the heavy guns in a few minutes after
the enemies come within 1,500 yards of each
other.

HAS WATCHED THE WORLD ENOUGH TO REAR.
They're not the boss of this concern.

With some, of course, its different—
I've saw young men that knowed it all,
And didn't like the way things went
On this terrestrial ball;
You tell the same, the rain, some way,
Rained just as hard on picnic day;
Er, when they rally wanted it,
It may be wouldn't rain a bit.

In this existence, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
One little skiff o' clouds'll shet
The sun off now and then.
And may, while you're wondering who
You're foot like lent your umbrella to,
And want it, out'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you hain't got none.

Aggravates the farmers, too—
They're too much wet, er too much sun,
Er work, er waitin' round to do
Before the plowin's done.
And maybe, like as not the wheat,
Just as its lookin' hard to beat,
Will catch the storm—and just about
The time the corn's a-jintin' out

These here cy-clones a-foolin' round—
And back and crops'll—and wind and rain!
And yet the corn that's waller'd down
May show up again!
They hain't no re-use, as I can see,
For mortals, such as us, to be
A-faultin' Natchur's wise intents,
And lookin' horns with Providence;

It hain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice,
When God sorts out the weather and sends
rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

Bencon Jones' Grievance.

You'll excuse me, Mr. Parson,
If I seem a little sore,
But I've sung the songs of Israel
For three-score years and more.
An' it sort o' hurt my feelin's
To see 'em put away,
For these here humm' ditties
'At is capurin' the day.
There's another little humpin'
'At I'll mention while I'm here,
Just to show all objections
All is offered sound and clear.
It was one day they was singin',
An' was doin' well enough—
Singin' good as people could sing
Such an awful mess o' stuff.

When the choir give a hollar,
An' the organ give a groan,
An' they let one weak-voiced feller
A-singin' there alone!
But he struck right to the music,
Though 'twas trying as could be,
An' when I tried to help him,
Why, the hull church scowled at me.

You say that's the Lord singin',
Well, I praise the Lord that I
Grewed up when folks were willin'
To sing their hymns so high.
Oh, we never had such duns
In the good o' Bethel days,
When the folks was all contented,
With the simple songs o' praise.

Now, I may have spoken too open,
But 'twas hard to keep still,
An' I hope you'll tell the singers
'At I bear em no ill will.
At they all may get to glory,
—I'm wish and my desire,
But they'll need some extra trainin'
Fore they join the heavenly choir.
—Paul Dunbar.

Life and Death.

What's for the babe?
Why mother's eyes.
Twin patches of those summer skies
That beamed on him in Paradise.

What's for the child?
With fays to skip,
To taste the honey-suckle's lip—
The butterfly's companionship.

What's for the by?
The haunted wood,
The squirrel's nest in leafy hold,
The rainbow's fabled pot of gold.

What's for the youth?
To dream of fame,
In shifting sand to write his name,
With sighs to fan a passion's flame.

What's for the man?
Courage to bear
The load of wisdom and of care,
And some true heart his weight to share.

And what's for age?
Pain's prison bars,
Comfort that every trifle mars,
Dimness and fear—and then the stars!
—GEORGE HORTON.

Stand to Your Work.

Stand to your work as a man who loves labor,
Come, fear not to toil with a vigorous arm;
Heed not the sneers of an eye-servicing neighbor,
Or a coward skunk's hate, which can never do harm.

Man is not man when he glories in duty;
Work is the heritage given to all;
High is the soul in its measure of beauty,
When proudly it answers to labor's roll call.

What though your labor is granite-stone break-
ing,
Turning or fitting the wielding the spade;
Add to your laurels of manhood by making
An honest day's work as the soul of your trade.

Behold them! They stand as poor comely
cattle
That crouch in the shade of the sun-lighted
field.

slowly.
The plans of the two went further than this.
Keanley had "once upon a time" been foolish enough to fall in love with old Senator Hicks' daughter and she returned his love. The old Senator, when he found how matters stood, proceeded to squelch the whole affair. He had even forgot the time he had been as much of a pauper as the young fellow he sent packing from his presence.

The girl, with her tear-wet face upturned to his, promised Keanley to wait for him till he succeeded in accumulating the \$10,000 that the old Senator named as the amount of wealth Keanley must possess before he could aspire to winning her. Then when orders had sent Keanley to the West he had gone with the determination strong within him to very soon gain the money and the girl.

But he speedily grew despondent. The fates seemed against him. He struck no bonanza or highway to speedy wealth, and finally half gave up the struggle. The money that would flow to little Ben as the substantial reward of his genius was to be invested by Keanley, who in this manner would soon obtain the coveted \$10,000. Then when prosperity smiled upon the Senator's new-found son-in-law little Ben's wealth was to be returned to him. The two plotters placed great faith in this plan, chimerical as it was.

Then came the great storms and with them one that the "eldest inhabitant," popularly supposed to know everything, declared was the largest and heaviest rainfall since 1831. The creeks seemed to have wholly forgotten their boundaries, and later the work begun by the rain was completed by the cloudburst over in the next county, near the head of Hackberry Creek. It was nearly 10 o'clock when a message went clicking by, and Keanley, who had been nursing an aching tooth all day, remarked to Ben, who was playing the violin loudly to shut out the sound of the rushing rain: "Dispatcher is telling them to look out for an east-bound special that leaves Hamilton at 10:40. That means 11:26 when it passes here."

Ben nodded and went on with his tune. Presently the train dispatcher was heard calling "G." That was Giddings, the station just beyond, where the railroad bridge spanned Hackberry creek.

"What is the condition of bridge 381?" the message ran.

The operator at Giddings presently clicked back the answer.

"Bridge 381 is O. K. Water high, but not dangerous."

The cloudburst had not yet occurred.

Meanwhile Keanley's teeth grew more painful, till his victim did little but walk the floor and anathematize the offending molar.

"If it doesn't ease up soon," he said presently, "I'll tramp over to the settlement and have it out, storm or no storm."

Soon, the pain not abating, he donned his rubber coat and boots and started away in the darkness and storm.

With his violin for company little Ben scarcely felt lonely. He wondered presently if it were not time for Keanley's return. Suddenly the sender began to click furiously, "H—H—H"—the Hamilton call.

Then came the message:

"Bridge 381 is down. For God's sake hold the special!"

The cloudburst had done its work. Ben glanced quickly at the clock. The hands indicated a fraction of a minute less than 11:26. The special was on time, and even as Ben turned, there came the flash of the headlight through the storm, that drowned the noise of the engine's approach. No time even to take the red lantern from the caddy and light it.

Little Ben remembered afterward how, even in the intense excitement of the moment, it had flashed through his mind how useless the effort of the frightened operator at Giddings had been in telegraphing to Hamilton, when he might have known that the special had passed there half an hour before.

The engine gave no call for brakes, and Ben knew that no stop would be made there, and that the train would rush on to destruction at the wrecked bridge at Hackberry Creek. The headlight seemed abreast of him as he flung open the door and with a mighty spring on his crutches threw himself out on the platform of the little depot. There was no use or time to signal and there seemed nothing to do but to let the train rush on to wreck. Then like a flash the little cripple raised his right crutch, and with the rapidity almost of lightning hurled it, lance fashion, at the window of the engine cab just as it flashed past him. Then

hellam we have the testimony of one president of one of our oldest life insurance companies that "among persons selected with care for physical soundness and sobriety, the death rate is more profoundly affected by the use of intoxicating drinks than from any other cause apart from heredity." Another rule which is found to be almost universal among very aged people is that they have all their lives been in the habit of going to bed and getting up early. They have also avoided dissipation and fast living in every form, as must everyone who covets longevity, for these burn the candle at both ends, and cause it to be quickly consumed.

Another requisite for reaching old age is healthful employment. Idleness is a greater foe to length of days than overwork. That occupation is to be preferred which gives exercise to both body and mind under the influence of pure air and healthful surroundings, without being extremely severe or involving too many hours of work.

The final necessity for him who would grow old gracefully is a cheerful disposition and the habit of looking on the bright side. Passion strains the heart to its utmost, melancholy freezes the blood, and worry wears out the best years of a man's life. No one who habitually indulges these or kindred emotions has half a chance of reaching advanced life. It was the advice of a man of 90 not to worry. "Don't worry about what you can't help," he said, "for it will do no good. Don't worry about what you can help, but go to work and help it." Sound advice this for all who desire to live and enjoy a good old age.

A Graveyard Sensation.

A strange case of the petrification of human remains has been discovered at West Calder, Scotland. While the parish sexton was opening a grave in the old parish burying-ground for the interment of an old woman, he came upon the remains of the deceased's husband, who had been buried 46 years ago. The coffin was partially decayed, but the body was complete, with the exception of a small piece off the nose. The countenance had undergone little change and looked as if the person had been recently interred, while the hair was still on the head and showed no signs of decay. The body was as hard as a stone. The sexton was greatly startled by the sight, and on the news spreading several persons visited the grave and viewed the weird sight. As the time for the funeral was approaching, however, the body was covered up, and the mourners were not acquainted with what had transpired. No case of this kind has ever taken place in the district before, and the sexton says that in all his experience he never saw the like of it.

Conundrums.

Why is the whipping received by a small boy like the college education that he obtains later in life? Because it makes him smart.

Why is a caecoon like an Irishman's dinner pail? Because it contains the "grab."

What hammer can never be used for driving nails? The yellow-hammer.

What young ladies did the poet Poe write about? The belles (bells).

What leek has occasioned more talk than any other? Wedlock.

What part of a piano keyboard resembles a certain English author? A black key (Blake).

What kind of ferks should never be used at table? Pitchforks.—*Youth's Companion*

The Little Brother.

"Hi, Mr. Sappy," whispered Maude's little brother. "Didn't I hear you ask my slater for a look of her hair?"

"Yes, Georgie; but she wouldn't give it to me."

"Well, say, Mr. Sappy, if you'll give me a dime I'll tell you where she buys it, and you can get all you want."

Evened Up.

She (crying)—No doubt you think you would have been happier if you had married some one else!

He—Yes; but you'd have been happier, too, so I am revenged.

Me Meant Business.

"So my daughter referred you to me, eh Well, I hardly understood it. She never consults me except in a financial way."

"Well—ah—sir, that's just it."

Farmer Hayman—That boarder we had must've been a purty smart young feller. He graduated from some college or other. Cousin—Did he say what college? "I think he said it was the Keanley Institute."

An express car in the West was recently held up by two women. This is nothing. Lots of women in the East can hold up a whole train, and single-handed, too.

similar places, which they think will silence and

PUT OUT OF ACTION

all the heavy guns in a few minutes after the enemies come within 1,500 yards of each other.

For instance, the latest piece is a 50-calibre 6-pounder, which, with smokeless powder, has a range of 5,000 yards and an effective fighting range of 1,000 yards, within which distance a target the size of a 6-inch gun can be hit nearly every time and five inches of wrought iron perforated. This gun gives a projectile an initial velocity of 2,825 feet a second, with a penetration of 7.9 inches of wrought iron. I got a photograph of this gun just as it had completed its firing test on the builder's range.

The manner of aiming the rapid fire gun is one of its strong points. Attached to the left side of the piece is a bar extending back of the breech and terminating in a sort of arc or arch. The gunner presses his shoulder into the arc as if he were aiming a very large shotgun. Keeping his eye on the line of sights and his right hand on the firing trigger, he can

SWING THE GUN AROUND

to either side and raise or lower the breech with hardly any perceptible effort except in guns above the 6-pounder in size. The piece is so pivoted and balanced that a child can aim the smaller calibres, while even the larger guns are handled by one man, so far as aiming is concerned.

During the Franco-Prussian war Mr. Hotchkiss was engaged in superintending the manufacture of metallic cartridge cases for small arms for France. The defects of the French mitrailleuse led him to renew his experiments with a breech-loading cannon that would throw shells. His first efforts, therefore, were directed toward a machine gun, and as the Congress of St. Petersburg had fixed 14 ounces as the lowest weight admissible in European warfare

FOR EXPLOSIVE PROJECTILES

Mr. Hotchkiss adopted a one pound shell and a group of revolving barrels as his type of arm. The original calibre, 37 millimetres—about 1.45 inches—was subsequently increased to 47 millimetres—1.85 inches—with a shell weighing 2.37 pounds, and later a few of 53 millimetres calibre were made. The 37 millimetres calibre gun has been issued for service to the navy in Austria, Chili, China, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Italy, Japan, Russia, Spain, Norway, Portugal, Brazil, Siam, Madagascar and the United States for use as a landing gun, and as a protection against torpedo boats. The 47 millimetres calibre has been adopted as a part of the standard naval armament in Austria, China, France, Russia and the United States.

NOVEL DEVICES.

An interesting novelty is the attachment of electrically illuminated sights to the guns for use at night. Rays from incandescent lamps are reflected in such a way that while not a gleam of light goes out to the enemy, the gunner has both breech and trunnion sights brought out clear and distinct.

Still a further novelty is the adaptation of the rapid fire guns for use in disappearing turrets and on railway tracks behind fortifications. Roumania is fitting a large number of these guns for use in disappearing turrets for the defence of Bucharest.

The turret is placed at one end of a lever, at the other end of which is a counter-balance just equal in weight to the weight of the turret and gun. The latter are thrown up or down by a geared wheel worked below the main parapet, and it would seem almost a miracle if one of the guns protected in these turrets came to grief from an enemy's fire.

A Trade in Odd Shoes.

It is not generally known that several shoe factories are now supplying customers with odd shoes. To give thorough satisfaction to a customer it is necessary to insist on his trying on both the shoes in a pair, and it often happens that the right foot is a good fit and the left a poor one. To get over this difficulty two pairs are broken, and when the next order is sent in the stock is made up. Very few custom shoemakers measure both feet, and in this respect the ready-made salesman does more to please his customer than the one who makes to his order.

It has been computed that about 36,000,000 babies are born into the world each year. The rate of production is therefore about seventy per minute, or more than one for every tick of the clock.

There is a Louisiana lady who thinks as well of matrimony that, although she is now for the seventh time a widow, she proposes to take another husband.

large
vari-
sized
2.
Gals
some
stra-
the
3.
Gals
prev-
and
Bros
4
Dor-
in bi-
poor
5
der
Am-
wer-
6.
broc-
est:
7.
falt:
surg-
T
near
Am-
mos
9.
broc-
seen
expi-
der
10
Sim-
nash
repi-
11
vari-
tari-
aver-
men
12
in-
ate-
and
out
the
N
rece-
size
vari-
Rob-
with
exte-
win
exp
T
suffi-
thou-
On
exp-
foll-
are
belic
Dav
Gol-
Ear-
Bull
Am
T
all
will
per-
rice
test
ord-
unt-
vari-
she
the
are
the
of t-
rest-
mer
sho
C
O
like
you
doe
like
Y
to s-
can
A
wor-
like
frie
A
may
bea
sch
E
can

Results of Co-operative Experiments With Winter Wheat.

Six.—One of the most important features of the Ontario Agricultural Experiment Station is its system of co-operative work in agriculture which has been established over Ontario. Fertilizers and seeds are distributed annually among the graduates of the college through their association, known as the Agricultural Experimental Union, and also among other interested and progressive farmers throughout the Province. In the spring of the present year no less than 322 packages of fertilizers, 894 of fodder seed, 1,230 of rootseed, and 3,110 of spring grain were sent out to Ontario farmers. This system of co-operative experimenting was started upon its present basis in 1886. In the first year of the work, there were only twelve experimenters; in 1887 sixty; in 1888 ninety, and since that date the work has had a steady and substantial growth, in accordance with the development of the station and the demands of the Province. There are at present upwards of eight hundred experimenters with spring crops, and we are prepared to supply four hundred others with winter wheat.

In the autumn of 1892, eleven valuable varieties of winter wheat were sent out. These were chosen as the best among sixty-two kinds tested upon the experiment station plots. They were divided into three sets, with five varieties in each set, two of the same kinds being used in every instance for the sake of comparison. Each applicant had the privilege of choosing the set he desired and one-half pound of each of the five varieties chosen were sent to his address, until the limited supply of some of the kinds became exhausted. The size of the plots used in all cases was one square rod, and paths three feet wide were allowed between the plots. The seed was sown at the rate of one and one-third bushels per acre. Up to the present date 135 experimenters have been heard from. Of this number, sixty favored us with very satisfactory reports of carefully conducted experiments, sixteen forwarded partial reports, and fifty-nine wrote of failure or unreliable results. The sixty satisfactory reports came from twenty-three counties, eleven of which were east and twelve west of the city of Guelph. The names of the different experimenters and the detailed results of the tests will be presented in the annual report of the Experimental Union for 1893. The greatest advantages arising from these experiments are certainly gleaned by the experimenters themselves, but many very valuable lessons can be obtained by thousands of others who carefully study the results. All the eleven varieties were grown upon the experimental plots at the Station in exact accord with the instructions sent out over Ontario. As two of the same varieties were sent to each experimenter, it is possible to obtain a very reliable comparison of all the kinds distributed. The yields per acre have been calculated from the amounts grown upon the plots. The following table gives the average amount of straw and of grain per acre of the eleven varieties grown on sixty Ontario farms and at the Experiment Station at Guelph:

Name of Variety.	Straw per Acre. Tons.	Grain per Acre. Bushels.
1. Dawson's golden chaff.	1.84	31.9
2. Golden drop.	1.71	34.4
3. Early red clawson.	1.60	32.6
4. Bulgarian.	1.76	31.4
5. American bronze.	1.84	31.3
6. Mediterranean.	1.85	30.7
7. Surprise.	1.81	30.7
8. Jones' winter life.	1.65	30.0
9. Fulcraster.	1.50	27.4
10. Fultz.	1.92	26.4
11. Red wonder.	1.28	24.9

As great care has been taken to select none but the best reports for the above table, the writer considers this summary of very great value and one well worthy the careful attention of the farmers of Ontario. The yields per acre may be rather higher than would be obtained from larger fields of the same varieties, but it will be remembered that the plots were of similar size in every instance. The conclusions drawn and the remarks made by many of the experimenters indicate much thought, accuracy and good judgment.

The following facts have been obtained from the average results of the sixty reports under consideration:

1. The Dawson's Golden Chaff gave a larger yield of grain than any of the other varieties in thirty-five experiments out of sixty.
2. The Early Red Clawson, Surprise, and Golden Drop gave the largest average amount of grain to every 100 pounds of

"Amber" Wants to Get Away All by Herself on a Lonely Isle.

"Amber," a bright writer in the Chicago *Horseman*, has this to say of a vacation: "Three weeks of vacation properly spent will sail the heaviest year. The trouble is, you do not know how to manage for a profitable, pleasure-yielding outing. In the first place, you think it necessary to go through with a certain amount of preparation; you must buy new clothes, and pack a lot of superfluous baggage; you must count a time-table and follow a braten path; and, in the next place, you make the fatal mistake of going with the crowd instead of away from it. The true object of a vacation is recreation. The only way to gain it is to get away from old environments and seek fresh ones. The farmer who lives on a prairie stretch of nothing but crops and crops and climate, may take his vacation at a fashionable resort with some profit, but the toiler in the city strike, the journalist, the artist and the habitué of busy marts and straits must go away alone by himself or herself and get as close to the solitude of nature as possible. The wider the mountain, the lonelier the forest, the more remote the resort by the sea, the better. It is, when we strip ourselves of our artificiality and get close to the warm heart of nature that we begin to grow and strengthen. I never yet have found a solitude vast enough for me when I am tired. Some day I shall find a spot that nobody ever heard of before. There shall be no sign of civilization's curse upon it. There shall be a lake in the centre of an unbroken island which the eye of man has never sounded. Upon its sapphire slides no boat has ever floated. The smoke of civilization shall never have up-curled along its wooded shores. Telephones, nor steam, nor electric jugglery shall have menaced it, but calm, remote and beautiful as the evening star it shall shine across the troubled sea of my unrest. Thither I shall take a box of cold provisions and a change of linen, and there I shall find the realization of all my dreams. Nobody shall know where I am but God! Nobody shall write me a letter. I shall forget that there are newspapers, or books, or train-calls, and in a solitude that is like a boundless sea I shall bathe my weary soul and brain. If I die there alone I shall be no worse off than Moses was, and perhaps the same angel hands that buried him on Net's lonely mountain shall carve a grave for me in the green turf of my island home.

VARIETY IN MILES.

There Are Four Different Kinds in English Speaking Countries.

English-speaking countries have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085 feet, making a difference of about one-eighth between the two: then there is the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet; four various miles, every one of which is in use. Then almost every country has its own standard mile, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. The Romans had their mil passuum, 1,000 paces, which must have been 3,000 feet in length, unless we ascribe to Caesar's legionaries great stepping capacity. The German mile of to-day is 24,318 feet in length, more than four and a half times as long as our mile. The Dutch, the Danes and the Prussians enjoy a mile that is 18,440 feet long, three and a half times the length of ours; and the Swis get more exercise in walking one of their miles than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,153 yards long, while ours is only 1,760 yards. The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours; the Roman mile is shorter, while the Tuscan and the Turkish miles are 150 yards longer. The Swedish mile is 7,341 yards long, and Vienna post mile is 8,796 yards in length. So, here is a list of twelve different miles, and besides these there are other measures of distance, not counting the French kilometer, which is rather less than two-thirds of a mile.

The Brazilians have a millia that is one and one-fourth times as long as our mile; the Napolitan miglio is about the same length; the Japanese ri, or mile, is two and one-half times ours; the Russian verst is five-eighths as long as our mile, while the Persian standard is a feaskh, four and a half miles long, which is said to be equal to the Persian so familiar to the readers of Xenophon's "Anabasis." The league that is familiar to readers of French and Spanish books varies as does the mile. In Brazil it is three and four-fifths miles long, in France it was three miles, in Spain it was two and two-thirds miles, and once on a time in England it was two and a half miles long.

What Is It.

Many Dainty Desserts May Be Made of this Finest of Fruits.

The first peaches that come to market are a sweet, well-flavored variety which is excellent for desserts, but is not of sufficiently fine, firm purple for preserving. These peaches make the most delicious tarts, dumplings and puddings of all kinds. A well made peach ice cream is one of the simplest and nicest of desserts, and, old-time prejudices to the contrary, one of the most wholesome and nutritious. Peaches and cream represent the most nourishing food and refreshing fruit of all nature. To make this cream, mix together a heaping cup of granulated sugar, with four yolks of eggs and a half a teaspoonful of salt. Add very slowly a pint of milk, beating it in to prevent to eggs curdling. Put this custard over the fire and heat it slowly, stirring it continually. As soon as it is ready to boil, add a quart of cream, and continue to beat it slowly until the custard and cream are thoroughly mixed. Meantime peel twelve large and perfectly ripe peaches. Stone them one at a time, and wash them to a pulp, adding them to the cream as you do so. Beat the cream again and strain through a fine pointed strainer, pressing the peaches through with a wooden spoon as you do so. Freeze the cream as usual, and serve it with an orange water-ice or some other fancy cream.

One of the most delicious peach desserts is made with a "pate a choux" paste, such as is used in making cream cakes, chocolate cookies and other cakes of this kind. Boil in a saucepan a cup of milk. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter. When it melts add a liberal cup of sifted flour, and stir the mixture as thoroughly as possible. When the flour has been thoroughly stirred in, remove the mixture from the fire in the saucepan and, add one by one, three yolks of eggs. Finally add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, about half a cup of milk, and the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Take an ordinary pudding mould holding about a quart; butter it thoroughly and dredge it with sugar. Put a layer of paste in the bottom of the mould about three-quarters of an inch thick, and on this a layer of well-flavored peaches peeled and sliced in fine slices. Continue these layers alternately till the mould is full, taking care that the last is one of paste. There should be room enough in the mould to allow the pudding to swell considerably. Set it in a steamer or in a kettle of boiling water reaching to half the height of the mould, and let it cook for one hour and a half. Serve it hot, with any rich brandied sauce convenient; a liquid sauce is preferable.

A simple rule for a liquid sauce calls for four tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cup of sugar and three-quarters of a cup of cold water and sugar together until they are thoroughly melted. Then add the butter and either two tablespoonfuls of good brandy or of kirsch. The kirsch sauce is in special favor with a peach dessert this season.

VULGAR WOMEN.

How They Offend a Sorrowful and Long-Suffering World.

Vulgar women like to attract attention; they are loud in their dress and talk; they can be seen and heard at a distance; they are numerous, generally annoying and often offensive.

Vulgar women walk like grandmothers; they come down on their heels with force enough to shake anything from an "L" road station to a summer hotel piazza.

Vulgar women discuss private affairs in public; their conversation is audible to passers by; they invite the observation of strangers, and they are flattered by the familiar comments of flunkies, hicks, fakirs, gutter merchants and Broadway loafers.

Vulgar women appear in public wearing brilliant colors, brilliant cheeks, audible perfumes, jewelry and sensational styles.

Vulgar women may win admiration, but they never win respect; before an individual is respected by others she must respect herself.

Women who wear doll-baby tresses, and powder their faces like clowns may come of very good families, but they are vulgar. Women who wear tales, who betray confidence and make mischief with their tongues are vulgar (and of the most despicable type).

Vulgar women are dangerous; they not only corrupt good manners, but they are a bad example for the ignorant and innocent, and a disturbing element among refined people.

BREAD ALWAYS FRESH.

It Is Made of Ordinary Flour Mixed With

Its Glories Passing Away With the Dying Out of the Creoles.

The glories of the French market in New Orleans have been told for two generations. The time has seemingly come when its requiem is to be sung. The French market is there in all its peculiarity of shape and stall offerings. There are the same golden heaps of oranges from the Indian River, lemons from Messina and California, tropical grapes with their purple color so rich in them that nothing imperial Caesar ever wore could vie with their beauty. Pyramids of yellow squashes from the Louisiana lowlands and beans and tests in endless profusion and confusion.

There is the same noisy chatter of foreign tongues, there is no diminution of the crowds who dicker and chaffer around the wooden stalls, but the glory of the market, the old creoler, the beauteous maidens with a stout "mammy" and a chunky negro boy, basket laden, lagging after them; a slender, wiry, nervous man with a gray-haired colored man trudging along at his side with basket filled with good things of the earth—all are gone, and the French market is French now in nothing but name.

Another tongue is fast supplanting the liquid tones of the language of old France. The Italian, dark-hued, scowling men, with fierce Neapolitan and Corsican oaths in their beards; stout women of swarthy race, heavy features, bare arms and ponderous girth, stand and call their goods and wares to the passerby. These are the people known by the discriminating sailors and careless American as "daggers," and they almost rule the market.

To those who have never seen the French market in its glory, it may be said that it is simply a succession of roofs, upheld by great, square, squat pillars of brickwork beyond Jackson square, and within a stone's throw of the yellow Mississippi. Its proximity to the old French quarter of New Orleans; the fact that in its beginning and at its zenith it was the grand bazar of the creoles of ante-bellum and post-bellum days, and that even now in its decadence the flavor of its former prestige in the market of the world still clings to it in the strange and fascinating tongue of the emigres, makes it a place worth visiting.

There was a time when these great vaulted arcades were peopled with men and women, black and white, rich and poor, all of whom spoke the patois that George W. Cable has enshrined in "Old Creole Days." They were the times when the Maschandes were picturesque figures in the midst of the wealth of color that stood out in glaring masses from every known edible product of the vegetable world against the black background of the old buildings themselves. These were days worth recalling.

Those were the times when the mighty racers of the Mississippi—the Lee and Natchez—vomited volumes of black smoke from smokestack aloof, while down below a dozen darkies were passing coal, and, as the legend goes, smashing up tierces of hams to feed the flames, with a 140-pound roastabout roosting on the safety valve. It was in this period that the French market was at its best, but the racers will race no more as in the old days, and the beauteous maidens and handsome men and gentle matrons of the creole days are sleeping in the old Bayou Cemetery.—Philadelphia Press.

PEEPING AT JUPITER.

He Has Five Moons and We Have Only Now Discovered the Fifth.

From the beginning of his work with the telescope Professor Barnard has given special attention to the planet Jupiter. In 1890 the planet was observed by him on forty-nine nights with the 12 inch equatorial, and careful measures made of all the markings on the planet. In September of that year he observed the singular phenomenon of a double transit of the first satellite across the disk of Jupiter. Projected on the face of the planet it appeared distinctly double, resembling a close double star, the components being slightly unequal. This remarkable appearance has not yet been accounted for. It was probably due to a bright belt on the satellite, similar to some of those on Jupiter. The observations said imply that the satellite in its revolution about Jupiter rotates on an axis nearly perpendicular to its orbit, as in the case of our own moon. The observations might also imply that the first moon of Jupiter is really double, though this explanation is hardly probable.

In July, 1892, he commenced to use regularly the large telescope on one night each week, and naturally began systematic observations of the great planet. It was but a short time before the superiority of the largest telescope in the world for this

larger yield of grain than any of the other varieties in thirty-five experiments out of sixty.

2. The Early Red Clawson, Surprise, and Golden Drop gave the largest average amount of grain to every 100 pounds of straw, and the Fultz and Mediterranean gave the smallest.

3. The Fultz, Dawson's Golden Chaff, Golden Drop, and Early Red Clawson proved to be the earliest maturing varieties, and the Jones' Winter Fife and American Bronze the latest.

4. The Dawson's Golden Chaff, Golden Drop, and Fultz made the best appearance in the spring, the Mediterranean looked the poorest.

5. The Bulgarian, fulcoaster and red wonder were the least affected by rust, and the American bronze and the Jones' winter Fife were the most affected.

6. The Dawson's golden chaff, American bronze, and golden drop possessed the greatest strength of straw.

7. The Mediterranean, Bulgarian, and fultz possessed the longest straw, and the surprise and the golden drop the shortest. The golden drop, fultz, and Mediterranean possessed the plumpest grain, and the American bronze and Jones' winter Fife the most shrunken.

9. The Dawson's golden chaff, American bronze and early red Clawson varieties seemed to be the most in favor with the experimenters, and the Fultz and red wonder the least in favor.

10. The counties of Lambton, Huron, Simcoe, Middlesex, Elgin and Kent furnished thirty-four out of the sixty best reports received.

11. The average yield of the eleven varieties of winter wheat tested over Ontario was 25.7 bushels per acre, and the average of the same varieties at the experimentation was 35.2 bushels per acre.

12. The co-operative experimental work in agriculture seems to be much appreciated by the ex-students of the college and by many other leading farmers throughout Ontario who are actually engaged in the work.

None of the winter wheat catalogues yet received from Ontario seedmen have advertised Dawson's Golden Chaff. This is a variety claimed to have been originated by Robert Dawson, Paris, Ont., who, along with his neighbors, are growing it quite extensively. There are no varieties of winter wheat kept for sale this season at the experiment station.

DISTRIBUTION OF SEEDS.

The Experimental Union has furnished sufficient money for the distribution of two thousand packages of winter wheat over Ontario this year. These will supply 400 experimenters with five varieties each. The following varieties have been chosen and are divided into two sets as indicated below:

SET 1.

Dawson's Golden Chaff, Golden Drop, Early Red Clawson, Bulgarian, American Bronze.

SET 2.

Dawson's Golden Chaff, Surprise, Jones' Winter Fife, Early White Leader, Early Genesee Giant.

The seed will be sent out, by mail, free to all applicants, and the produce of the plots will, of course, be the property of the experimenters; and in return we will hope to receive full reports of carefully conducted tests. The grains will be forwarded in the order in which the applications are received until the limited supply of some of the varieties is exhausted. The "instruction sheets" and "blank forms" necessary for the work will be sent at the time the grains are forwarded. Those who wish to join in the work the coming year may choose either of the sets mentioned above. To make the results of the most value to both the experimenters and the Union, the five varieties should be sown in every instance.

C. A. ZAVITZ.

Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

Unreasonable.

Old Hyson (angrily)—See here! I would like to know what you intend to make of yourself. Your college principal says he doesn't know of anything that you would be likely to make a success of.

Young Hyson—Well, you don't expect me to answer a question that a college professor can't answer, do you?

As freely as the firmament embraces the world, or the sun pours forth impartially his beams, so mercy must encircle both friend and foe.—Schiller.

A face which is always serene possesses a mysterious and powerful attraction; and hearts come to it as the sun to warm themselves again.—Joseph Roux.

The Salvation Army has invaded 35 countries.

It was three miles, in Spain it was two and two-thirds miles, and once on a time in England it was two and a half miles long.

What is Wit.

Wit is the power to say what everybody else was just going to have said, if they had happened to think of it.

Wit is the sweet accomplishment which makes an orator popular, a caller welcome and a lover successful.

What should be used to season, not to extinguish common sense.

A piquant sauce for the feast of reason.

Wit is the expression of thought which, by its originality and fitness, creates spontaneous mirth.

Wit is a runaway knock at laughter's door.

An electric flash in the atmosphere of thought which few can strike but all can see.

A parcel of sense wrapped up in nonsense.

A ray of light, the cardinal colors of which are wisdom, pleasure and surprise.

The lightning flash succeeded by the thunderclap of hilarity.

Wit is the sparkle in the wine of conversation.

The salt of conversation.

Intellectuality without verbosity.

An arrow shot from the bow of genius by the hand of wisdom.—Eli Perkins' Thirty Years of Wit.

Dining With the Prophets.

Eat a bit before you drink.

Eat at pleasure, drink by measure.

Eating little and speaking little can never do a woman harm.

Eat little at dinner, less at supper; sleep alone and you will sleep oft.

Eat bread that's light, and cheese by weight.

Eat and drink measurely and defy the medicine.

Often and little eating makes a woman fat.

More die by food than by famine.

Men eat; brutes feed.

It is dangerous to eat cherries with the great; they are apt to throw the stones at your head.

Thousands drink themselves to death before one dies of thirst.

After hiding pears within drink old wine until they swim.

Rise from the table with an appetite and you will never sit down without one.

A Shower of Ants.

A curious phenomenon has just occurred at the village of Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, Eng. A dense cloud was observed to be passing over, which suddenly burst, and, to the astonishment of the villagers, it was seen to be a shower of ants and similar winged insects. People and the ground became smothered with them, and they swarmed in millions. Every step taken is said to have crushed hundreds of them.

A Correction.

"You jewel!" exclaimed Mrs. Flypp to her dancie, as he placed her on his knee with his arms around her waist.

"No, I am a lapidary," corrected the young man. "I have just set the jewel."—Truth.

Began at the Wrong End.

"We had a terrible time with the convention of physicians in our city the other day."

"What about?"

"They found a disease, and then couldn't discover a microbe for it."

Queen of Madagascar's Bath.

The Queen of Madagascar takes a State bath every year, being escorted to it by a solemn procession of attendants. A richly decorated tent is prepared, and while Her Majesty is within, prayers are said, guns fired and drums beaten outside. After the ceremony she appears in gorgeous attire and wearing all the crown jewels.

A Great Hit.

Razzle—Jagway went to the Fourth of July fancy ball as a toy pistol.

Dazzle—Was his impersonation a success?

Razzle—Yes. So much so that he didn't know when he was loaded.

A Chicago hotel has no room 13.

Mrs. Kipling, who long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the cleverest and wisest women in Northern India, once said of an extremely garrulous official: "He is especially a clever man, but he shouldn't be allowed to talk. He should be used as a dictionary and committed when necessary."

bad example for the ignorant and innocent, and a disturbing element among refined people.

BREAD ALWAYS FRESH.

It is Made of Ordinary Flour Mixed With Hazelnut Powder.

An ingenious and seemingly valuable invention is that of a German baker for a new method of keeping bread fresh for a long period. It consists in mixing ordinary flour with the powder of hazelnuts. The invention will, it is said, prove of great value when used in storing up any kind of flour or kindred substances, and also baked goods, such as cakes or biscuits used in the army and navy. In preparing the hazelnut flour, the kernels are first removed from the shell and then are ground or reduced to powder. Only the white substance of the kernel is ground. The powder or flour thus produced is added to that which is to be preserved in a proportion varying between 5 and 25 per cent., care being taken that the mixture is as thorough as possible, as it is important that the fatty element of the powdered nuts shall pervade the whole substance.

The flour so mixed acquires a property which enables the bread or other goods made of it to keep much longer than similar goods of ordinary flour. The fatty or oily element prevents the absorption of moisture to a great extent, and, consequently, the formation of mould, mildew or similar growths. In addition to this the albumen and fat in the hazelnut enhance the value of the flour, because of their nutritive qualities.

The Golden Rule.

Two men became engaged in a fight in the street. Instantly their hats went off and rolled in the dust. One of the men was entirely bald, and the other had a thick head of hair. The bald man seized the other by the hair, and began to drag him about.

"Stop him!" cried a bystander.

"Why should you stop him?" asked another. "He's only practising the golden rule."

"The golden rule? What do you mean?"

"Why, he's doing to the other man what he wishes to goodness the other man might be able to do to him!"—Youth's Companion.

Red Hair is All Right.

Don't be ashamed of your red hair. The scientists say that it means that there is a superabundance of iron in the blood. And the analyst says that it is the matter that enters into red hair that imparts vigor, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing, thoroughly cheerful animal life which runs through the veins of the ruddy-haired, and this strong, sentient animal life is what renders them more intense in all their emotions than their more languid fellow-creatures. Philologists notice a peculiar fact that the red-haired males are very rare; they seem to have some very strong attractions.

Didn't Understand German.

Sociable Tru'on (to waiter)—Weggebt! Hastig waiter (yelling toward kitchen)—Wheat cakes!

S. T.—Nein! Nein!

H. W.—You'll be lucky if you get three!—Newport News.

She Knew Him.

"He is a tragedian, isn't he, mamma?" asked the small person who observes.

"Why, no, dear; he doesn't act. What made you think so?"

"Why, look how he drags his feet when he walks!"

Child Logic.

"Did you know this is mamma's birthday?" asked little Bessie of the caller.

"No; is it?"

"Yes; and my birthday is next Monday. Mamma is a week older than me."

Weight of the Chinese Brain.

The average weight of the Chinese brain is greater than the average weight of the brain of any other people.

To prevent moths from getting in carpets pour strong alum water on the floor half a yard around the edges before laying the carpet. Once or twice during the season sprinkle dry salt over the carpet before sweeping.

If sunshine had to be paid for, there are people who would declare that candle-light could beat it.

Jess—What makes that Sears girl act so queerly? Bess—She was disappointed in love. Jess—Why, she has been married six months. Bess—That's it.

pianation is nearly probable.

In July, 1892, he commenced to use regularly the large telescope on one night each week, and naturally began systematic observations of the great planet. It was but a short time before the superiority of the largest telescope in the world for this work was made manifest. In due course of mail the writer received at Chicago a letter from Professor Barnard, written on Saturday morning, September 10th, stating that on the previous evening (Friday), at about midnight, he had observed the extremely faint speck of light very close to Jupiter; that it seemed to be moving with the planet; and that he strongly suspected it was a new satellite. He said that it was so difficult with the large telescope that he was unable to see it except by shutting out the light of the planet. The suspected star was found by the observations of the following night to be a new satellite, and on Monday morning the whole astronomical world was electrified by the announcement that Jupiter, observed more than any other planet for the past three hundred years, had a fifth moon, revolving about it in less than twelve hours, at a distance from the surface of the planet of about 70,000 miles.—From "Edward Emerson Barnard," by S. W. Burnham, in Harper's Magazine for September.

Among the Gems.

Diamonds so small that 1,500 go to the carat have been cut in Holland.

Pinky, in the first century, was the first writer to describe the diamond.

The Orloff diamond is believed to be responsible for sixty-seven murders.

The best pearls are found on the Ceylon coast and in the Persian Gulf.

The carat, used in estimating the weight of gems, is a grain of Indian wheat.

Benz turquoise is cut from the teeth of mastodons, colored with animal matter.

The Sultan of Turkey has an emerald of 360 carats set in the handle of a dagger.

Teering of Polystrate, which he threw into the sea, was set with a large emerald.

Many of the Hindoo sapphires and other gems are carved into amulets and idols.

Diamonds are found in every color and shade, from the palest white to jet black.

The Regent diamond was found at Golconda, and, in the rough, weighed 410 carats.

The pearl is only carbonate of lime, is readily affected by acids and burns into lime.

Carved emeralds were well known to the ancients, and of high value as cut works.

The Sultan of Turkey has the richest collection of gems and regalia in the world.

The coloring matter of the emerald is derived from the fossil remains of animal life.

The Orloff diamond is now set in the Russian sceptre just under the eagle on the top.

Garnetian is greatly improved by exposure to the sun and then heating in earthen pots.

Ancient and modern engraved sapphires are very numerous and extremely valuable.

The turquoise was regarded by the Mexicans as a magic stone, and was worn as an amulet.

The diamond has been found on all the continents and in almost every country on the globe.

A Novel Plan for Divorce.

The causes of conjugal infelicity are like the stars in number, but seldom have they been so curious in character as those enumerated by a witness in the Divorce Court on Saturday.

Witness considers he was the injured party, as the petitioner was continually objecting to the shape of his feet.

(Laughter.)

He further said that when he had his hair cut it was never done to please the petitioner. (Laughter.)

She also used to say his upper lip did not suit her.

She was continually blaming him for leaving out his h's in speaking.

He was not so well up in theological subjects as his wife.

And there was sometimes a divergence of opinion when they were talking about the sermon they had heard.

One is not surprised after this to hear that one of the allegations against the respondent is that he had struck the petitioner with the "Methodist Magazine."

Westminster Gazette.

Miss Spright—Col. Jumper, you've just returned from Africa; do you think the condition of the heathen is much improved?

Col. Jumper—Yes, indeed; I understand the cannibals always say grace before eating a missionary.

DANGLING IN MID-AIR.

A Tinner Hung by a Life Line From a Steeple.

SAVED FROM INSTANT DEATH.

A New York despatch says: Townsfolk of Plainfield, N. J., have terrified themselves during the last four days looking at Harry Watson, a tinner, while he was at work at the top of the steeple of the Crescent Avenue Church. Watson is a daring fellow who makes a living doing jobs where he has to climb to dangerous heights without protection. He has climbed factory chimneys and scaled edifices of all sorts until he has become so familiarized with the work that he mounts a stack of brickwork with the same ease that he would drink a glass of beer.

Watson was busy at work yesterday afternoon, while a crowd of curious persons stood in the street below, waiting for him to drop. He hung suspended from a rig composed of a chair attached to a couple of ropes. Around his waist he had taken the precaution to secure another rope. In removing the paint and other material from the tin roof Watson had used acids that had somehow got sprinkled on the ropes.

The acid burned through the ropes and without the slightest warning one of them gave way. The crowd yelled, and scarcely had their shouts died away when the other rope, on which such a sudden strain had been imposed, also gave way. The chair tumbled to the street below. Watson dangled from the rope that had been passed around his waist.

He swung to and fro in the air as he cried to the excited crowd below to help him. He had fallen a few feet until the slack of the rope had been paid out, but he preserved his composure. He shouted instruction to the crowd, but it was only when some men climbed up inside the steeple that his voice could reach them.

As he swung back and forth, 100 feet from the ground, the crowd in the street looked on in expectation of seeing him drop every instant.

Finally a ladder was taken to the top window of the steeple and pushed out and up toward him. He managed to reach it with his feet, and while several pairs of hands steadied it below he loosened the rope about him and descended amidst the cheers of the crowd.

LETTER FROM GLADSTONE

In Reply to Irish Presbyterian Home Rulers.

A London cable says: Mr. Gladstone has replied to the declaration signed by 3,535 Liberal members of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland in connection with the General Assembly, expressive of gratitude to and confidence in him as the trusted leader of the Liberal party. The reply is as follows, dated Whitehall, August 12th:

"DEAR SIR, I have received with pleasure the address from 3,500 Presbyterians favorable to Home Rule for Irish purposes in Ireland, which you have been good enough to send me. I attach to it a great value, and I consider it as indicating a large section of favorable opinion, being well aware of the impediments which might deter many who entertain similar opinions from a gratuitous manifestation at the present time. I also observe that you have been good enough to state as to the spontaneous character of the address. I look forward with confidence to a very large and early return of Presbyterians in particular to the sentiments in favor of union with their fellow-countrymen which governed them as a body one century ago, but this will in all likelihood be delayed until the Parliamentary controversy has been closed. It is constantly assumed by our opponents that what they term the loyal minority is homogeneous on all important matters. The sentiment now placed before me as to the land laws remind me how likely it is that on this subject in particular they will ere long be undeceived. I have the honor to be, yours faithfully, W. E. Gladstone."

SIX PRESSURE GOSPEL.

A New York paper has struck an idea for filling its own press.

The following advertisement appears in New York papers:

SERMONS WORTH HEARING.
CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS,
SUNDAY, 10.30 and 7.15.

What special features of Dr. Hodson's sermons cause them to be so attractive and popular?

Ten dollars cash will be paid for the clearest, best (written) answer to the above question, to any person (not a member of this church) who

SOUTH CHICAGO FIRE.

Two Hundred and Fifty Houses Consumed Yesterday.

SEVEN THOUSAND PEOPLE HOMELESS.

A Young Lady, Not a Cow, Upset the Lamp This Time.



FIRE which, in the extent of territory it covered, almost rivals Chicago's historic conflagration, began in the part of the city known as South Chicago about 5 o'clock this afternoon. From a three-story brick building at the corner of 91st street and Superior avenue flames, which rapidly grew into volume under a gale of wind from the west, ate their way over block after block of small frame residences until they reached the lake. Within two hours the fire had consumed at least thirty buildings and five blocks of the greatest industrial suburb of Chicago. The fifty thousand residents of the town were precipitated into a panic. As the pine structures, in which lived the workmen employed in the large steel mills of the Illinois Steel Co., and in which the smaller merchants of the place made their homes, were levelled by the roaring flames, these whose homes had not yet fallen fled with their goods and household utensils to the other portions of the city. Streets were blockaded with wagons containing the effects of the frightened and fleeing residents, and men and women, appalled by the calamity, fled in every direction. From the brick building in which the fire had its origin, and before the few fire engines of the district could make the slightest impression upon it, the flames bounded eastward between 91st street and 90th street in the direction of the lake. House after house rapidly fell before the sweep of fire, which hurled blazing brands far in advance. From Superior avenue the flames crossed to Ontario avenue, Buffalo avenue, Mackinaw avenue and Greenbay avenue.

CHURCHES DESTROYED.

Among the first buildings to fall was the First Methodist Church on 91st street and Superior avenue, and before its spire had toppled to the ground the new and commodious German Lutheran Church on the opposite corner was blazing in a dozen places. Hardly had these more pretentious buildings been levelled to the ground than the fire was detected blazing in a dozen places farther east. The local department, a branch of Chief Swindle's city service, had been called upon, also all the help in the immediate district, but by the time the First Methodist Church was well on fire it was seen that every effort must be made to prevent the destruction of the greater part of the town. The central fire alarm office sent to the fire every engine that could be spared in the south side of the city. The Yosemite, the giant fire boat lying at the foot of La Salle street, was hurried from its dock, and was soon plunging its way through the waters of the lake, in its 13 mile race to the far southern section, where the fire was raging.

A COAL FIRE.

Before it had reached the harbor at South Chicago the terrific force of the fire had eaten away the five blocks between Superior avenue and the lake, and the Yosemite turned its attention to the immense lumber yards on the river front. Before the scores of engines had made the least appreciable effect upon the progress of the flames the immense docks of the Sunday Creek Coal Company were in flames. Over 100,000 tons of coal are stored there. When the fire began in the coal yards all the engines that could be spared, and the powerful steamer Yosemite, as soon as it reached the harbor, were brought to fight the conflagration. At the same moment the A. R. Beck lumber yards, with dock frontages almost as great as those of the Sunday Creek Company, were found to be burning, and here the first great battle of the firemen with the

SHOTGUN QUARANTINE NOW.

Citizens Fleeing from Brunswick to Atlanta, Ga.

IN TERROR OF YELLOW JACK.



HE shotgun rules in the low country. From the sea to the Piedmont region cool, determined men, callous for once to the appeals of the hungry and suffering, guard with shotgun and rifle every railroad station and every railroad crossing. Panicked the people. The dreaded "yellow jack" is here. There can be no doubt of it, and it is here to stay. "Here" means the low country, the coast towns and cities of Florida and Georgia. There was no doubt about the character of the melody that took off Preacher Waite and Ellen Wood at Pensacola. There is room for doubt concerning the reported cases at Tampa Bay, but there is no shadow of doubt of Brunswick's affliction, and that is the keynote to the panic which has seized all of the vast territory where it is known yellow fever can get a foothold.

The citizens who stayed behind at Brunswick when the first scare came laughed at their more timid brethren who escaped to places of safety, and that laugh was tinged with scorn, for in yellow fever days those who stick by the afflicted city are the heroes and those who leave are scorned.

HOPE CAST TO THE WINDS.

The doctors thought Surgeon Burnham's case would be the only one, and the people watched it with hope. When young Harris, who had kept beyond the quarantine limits, was stricken then all hope was cast to the winds at Brunswick and there was chaos.

There was a rush toward places of safety all day yesterday and far into the night. Every place in the low country was closed to them. Atlanta was then the haven toward which they turned their steps. Every car the East Tennessee Railroad could get was sent to Brunswick and all were crowded to overflowing.

Mayor Lamb and other city officials who remained bravely at their posts did everything to facilitate the departure of all who could go. The city secured transportation for those who had no means, and rich and poor, high and low, they crowded together in the blessed cars that were to carry them to safety.

The first train left Brunswick at midnight. No stops were made except for coal and water. Valdosta, Hawkinsville, Waycross and all the smaller stations were closely guarded by Quarantine authorities, and at none of these was a passenger permitted to more than show his head from the window.

It was a tired, hungry, half-famished lot that reached Macon this morning. They had hoped to breakfast there, but fifteen miles out the Quarantine officials took charge of the train, and it was rushed through the city at full speed. The attention of the Macon officials did not cease until the train had covered thirty miles of the distance between that city and Atlanta.

WELCOMED TO ATLANTA.

The first ray of sunshine was at Indian Springs, where the refugees were told they would be welcomed, but most of them came to Atlanta. I was one of the party that met the train below Atlanta, and a sadder-looking crowd I have never seen. In reality they were hungry and happy.

While Atlanta opens her arms to the refugees, the health authorities take every precaution, and a thorough inspection of every incoming from the infected district is made. Should fever show itself in any case the victim will be taken at once to the quarantine station and closely guarded. Yellow fever has been brought to Atlanta, but never obtained a foothold here. There have been two suspicious cases on incoming trains, but neither showed yellow fever symptoms.

The Marine Hospital Bureau has made arrangements for the establishment of a probation camp 25 miles from Brunswick, Ga., on the road to Waycross. The site of the camp, which will be under the command of Surgeon W. H. T. Foster, is high and dry, with good water.

One hundred tents were shipped for that point from St. Louis yesterday.

MORE PRIZES FOR CANADA.

The Canadian Winners in Pecherons and Shorthorns.

The Live Stock Pavilion, wherein will take place the International Battle of the Breeds, is an oval building, 250x450 feet, with an area of 80,000 square feet, and a seating capacity of 12,000. It is admirably adapted for the purpose for which it is intended, and judging from the crowds that throng the building already when anything is to be seen, the seating capacity will be all needed.

Pecheron stallions, 5 years or over—11th premium, Paul Wattles, Montreal, Bonnie Chance; 12th premium, R. E. P. P. Crapples, Oka, Canada, Bertrand; 14th premium, Haras National, Montreal, Boston; 15th premium, O. Benoit, Mariville, Canada, Delicate; 16th premium, Charles Dohle, Lacoste, Canada, Clodus; 18th premium, National Stud, Montreal, Brilliant Bleu.

Stallions, 4 and under 5—4th premium, T. Beaubien, Montreal, Voltaire.

Pecheron mares, 5 years old or over—9th premium, T. Beaubien, Montreal, Agathe; 10th premium, same owner, Fanchette; 11th premium, Deaf and Dumb Institute, Montreal, Tulon; 14th premium, same owner, Edith.

Pecheron mare, 1 and under 2—4th premium, E. F. Kleinsmeyer, Wilton Junction, Princess of Wilton.

CATTLE.

Shorthorn heifers, 2 years and under 3—2nd premium, J. W. Russell, Richmond Hill, Ont., Centennial; 9th premium, W. B. Cookburn, Aberfoyle, Ont., Nemprial; 12th premium, W. C. Edwards, Rockland, Ont., Rosewater.

Shorthorn heifers, 1 and under 2—5th premium, R. S. Nicholson, Sylvan, Ont., 21st Maid of Sylvan; 7th premium, J. W. Russell, Richmond Hill, Ont., Centennial Isabelle; 8th premium, W. B. Cookburn, Aberfoyle, Ont., Weple Bards; 10th premium, John Morgans & Son, Kenwood, Saxe-Maid; 11th premium, H. & S. Nicholson, Sylvan, Ont., Lenore of Sylvan; 15th premium, J. W. Russell, Richmond Hill, Ont., Rose of Auburn; 11th; 16th premium, W. C. Edwards, Rockland, Ont., Moss Rose of Strathleven.

Heifer under 1 year—1st premium, J. W. Russell, Richmond Hill, Ont., Centennial Isabelle; 30th; 2nd premium, W. C. Edwards, Rockland, Ont., Lady Faine; 6th premium, J. W. Russell, Richmond Hill, Ont., Ruby Princess; 17th premium, R. S. Nicholson, Sylvan, Ont., Lenore of Sylvan.

Herd consisting of one bull 2 years or over, one cow 3 years old or over, one heifer 2 years old and under 3, one heifer 1 year and under 2, one heifer under 1 year—7th premium, J. W. Russell, Richmond Hill, Ontario, herd headed by Prince Royal; 9th premium, W. C. Edwards, Rockland, Ont., herd headed by Knight St. John; 10th premium, W. B. Cookburn, Aberfoyle, Ont., herd headed by British Chief.

Young herd, consisting of one bull and four heifers, all under 2 years, bred by exhibitor—1st premium, J. W. Russell, Richmond Hill, Ont., herd headed by Lord Stanley; 5th premium, R. S. Nicholson, Sylvan, Ont., herd headed by Valasco 21st.

Clydesdale stallion, 5 years old or over—6th premium, D. O. S. Rby, Guelph, Grandeur; 7th premium, Robert Nees, Howick, Lawrence Again; 8th premium, Adams Bros., Drayton, St. Gatien; 9th premium, National Haras, Montreal, Barcelona; 10th premium, M. Gerridge, Howick, MacTures; 11th premium, Joseph Moffat, Teeswater, Crosby Chief; 12th premium, G. B. Stewart, Howick, Lord Roll.

Clydesdale stallion, 4 years and under 3—6th premium, Robert and John Turner, Calgary, Balbriggan Hero; 8th premium, Robert Nees, Howick, Lifeguard.

Stallion, 3 and under 4—4th premium, Wm. Innes, Rockford, Ont., Symmetry; 5th premium, S. C. Johnson, Manilla, Ont., Balgown; 6th premium, J. Davidson, Ashburn, Ont., Westfield Stamp; 10th premium, A. Ball, Trent River, Ont., Sir Walter Scott.

Stallions, 2 and under 3—8th premium, Wm. Philip, Yelverton, Ont., Sir Barren Dale.

Stallion, 1 and under 2—7th premium, James Snell, Clinton, Ont., Hullet Pride; 11th premium, Wm. Philip, Yelverton, Ont., Ontario Lad.

Stallion under 1—7th premium, A. Bell, Trent River, Gay Lad.

Mare, 5 years old or over—8th premium, A. B. Scott & Son, Vanwick, Ont., Kate 2nd of Congress; 9th premium, Robert Davis, Toronto, Lady Dunmore; 10th premium, James Snell, Clinton, Gypsy Queen; 11th premium, James Davidson & Son, Balgown, Ont., Road Stone Lass.

What special features of Dr. Hodson's sermons cause them to be so attractive and popular?

Ten dollars cash will be paid for the clearest, best (written) answer to the above question, to any person (not a member of this church) who attends one or more times before September 8th. Answers must be honest opinions and not exceed 100 words. This advertisement must be cut out and inclosed; also the preacher's text given. This is an opportunity for any one, from a schoolgirl to a bishop, to hear one of the most interesting preachers in New York city and get \$10 for yourself, mission or charity; cash will be sent September 8th by registered mail. Address answers Advertising Secretary, Church of the Strangers, Mercer, near Eighth street and Broadway, New York city.

A NEW WAY TO LACE STAYS.

It Originated in Russia and is Now in Favor in France.

A new way to lace stays, if stays must be worn, simplifies, or rather decreases, the area of pressure. It is a fashion affected by Russian women, and their quick-witted French sisters have seen its good points and adopted it as well.

Three laces are required, with which one proceeds as follows: Take one and begin at the top of the corset lacing down in the usual way to within two eyelet holes of the waist line; a second lace starts at the bottom of the stay and laces upward, stopping in its turn two holes short of the same line; the third laces through the four holes left, and this is the only string that needs pulling in, the upper and lower laces being left with very slight pressure.

The Gin Sandwich.

"Did you ever drink a gin sandwich?" inquired the genial concoctor of cooling drinks, as he proceeded to fill the orders of half a dozen thirsty ones at the same time. "Well," continued the drought dispeller, as he agitated the silver lemonade shaker, "it is not very often called for in fashionable resorts, but among these who prize drinks according to the proportion of intoxication to the price it is very popular. Take a colored gentleman, who is nerving himself up for a cake walk or excursion, and wants a razor edge on in short notice. He walks into a barroom and orders a 'steak-and-egg' of beer. This is a big glass, holding nearly a pint, half of which he drinks down. Then he buys a five-cent glass of gin and drinks that, after which he pours the rest of the beer on top. This is a gin sandwich, and for the small price of 10 cents he lays an excellent foundation for a free fight at the first opportunity.—*Washington Post*.

A Frog's Cunning.

A naturalist paper relates an interesting incident of a frog's cunning. A brood of chickens was fed with moistened meal in saucers, and when the dough round a little it attracted large numbers of flies. An observant toad had evidently noticed this, and every day toward evening he would make his appearance in the yard, hop to a saucer, climb in and roll over and over until he was covered with meal, having done which he awaited developments. The flies, enticed by the meal, soon swarmed around the scheming batrachian, and whenever one passed within two inches or so of his nose his tongue darted out and the fly disappeared. The plan worked so well that the toad made a regular business of it.

An Apparent Impossibility.

The phrase "squaring the circle" is another way of saying "attempting an impossibility." The allusion is to the mathematical question whether a circle can be made which contains exactly the same area as a square, and the difficulty is to find the precise ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle. Popularly it is 3.14159, etc., but the numbers would go on to infinity. This problem has given rise to an amount of labor equally equalled by that bestowed upon the equally impossible one of discovering perpetual motion.

Prepared For an Emergency.

The man who was seen driving through Camden last week with a row boat and a coffin box on the same team was highly complimented for his thoughtfulness. There is nothing like being ready for any emergency which may arise, and this traveler seemed to understand it.—*Bangor Commercial*.

Several local dentists are organizing a society to pull together, probably.

Stay—We had a high time last night. Gay—Yes; I heard you were on the roof garden.

Dr. Mary Walker is not even yet thoroughly emancipated. She cannot pass a mirror without looking to see if her hat is as straight.

If beauty's face is long she coyly adjusts her veil in perpendicular folds.

The A. R. Beck lumber yards, with dock frontages almost as great as those of the Sunday Creek Company, were found to be burning, and here the first great battle of the firemen with the flames was begun. The fire department had only by this time succeeded in getting together a sufficient number of engines to give it any chance at all against the rearing mass of flames.

There were but seven engines on the ground at this juncture, and the fire-boat arrived just in time to lend its powerful aid at the critical moment. Several small buildings had been torn down by the firemen and citizens, and it gave them a breathing spell, which ultimately proved decisive for the firemen. Though at first not able to do more than hold the flames in check, they beat them down when additional engines arrived. By 8 o'clock the coal in the yards of the Sunday Creek Co. and Beck's lumber yard were the only places where the fire was still up and running, and in a short time it was practically under control, and all danger of its spreading farther was over.

WHILE BANGING HER HAIR.

There appears to be no doubt that the conflagration originated in the home of Master Mechanic William Gilles, an employee of the Rolling Mills. Miss Gilles, his daughter, was engaged about 4.30 o'clock in preparing her evening toilet. She was using a lamp for the purpose of heating her curling-iron, and while arranging her bangs the lamp was overturned, and an explosion followed, which in the end wrecked the homes of several thousand people. When all danger of a further spread of the fire was over, the panic-stricken people, who had fled wildly for their lives, began to return to where their homes had formerly stood. In very few instances were they able to find any vestige of their homes. Most of the buildings destroyed were light frame affairs, and were occupied almost exclusively by workmen of the Illinois Steel Company. In none of these instances was the damage large, but conservative estimates put the aggregate loss in the residential district at \$400,000. The Sunday Creek Coal Company has lost fully \$250,000, and the Beck Lumber Company \$200,000. The latter concern recently made an assignment, and had just resumed business after making an arrangement with its creditors. Its large stock of lumber is completely destroyed, and its business once more at a standstill. Two hundred houses were destroyed.

Despite the rapidity with which the flames spread, and the crash and panic which at one time choked up the streets, no lives so far as known were lost. The following were hurt, none of them fatally: Fred Donantz, severely burned about face and arms; Robert and Addie Talmio, overcome by heat and smoke. Martin Burke fell from a second story window and was injured internally.

EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE.

A condensed report says: The fire at South Chicago has burned 250 houses. Seven thousand people are homeless, and the damage is about \$1,000,000.

A Round Robin.

It has happened before, and will happen again, that people sometimes suffer great injustice, but do not care to complain of it directly for fear of dismissal from their situation or of other unpleasant consequences of their action. They therefore adopt what is called a "round robin"—that is, they sign their names to their petition or letter in a circle, in which form it is impossible for anyone to detect the name that was first written down, which of course would be the name of the leader of the agitation, or, as we say in this connection, the ringleader. The phrase is merely a translation of the French *ronde* (round) and *ruban* (ribbon or robin).

A Misdirected Shot.

The Humane Society should direct its attention to the police department of Omaha. An intoxicated man was found on the street guarded by his faithful dog. Both were taken to the police station. In the morning the man was discharged and the dog shot. There is something inhuman in the treatment of a dog in such a case.

"Peaches are down," remarked one woman to another on the street yesterday. "Yes," said the other; "I must put some up."

The Continent of Europe contains 4,095,000 more women than men. The female sex preponderates most strongly in Portugal and Norway.

No, Bobbie, fly-paper is not recommended for kite-making.

the camp, which will be under the command of Surgeon W. H. Z. Patton, is high and dry, with good water.

One hundred tents were shipped for that point from St. Louis yesterday.

The Women and the Newspapers.

Within the past few years there has been increasing attention paid by the newspapers to the publication of reading matter intended to attract the special notice of women. There is, no doubt, a sound business reason for this course. It is the habit of the people of the United States to have female children taught to read and understand the English language. Women are proverbially curious and anxious to have some knowledge of what is going on in the world. Half the population of the country is made up of women. It follows that if women can be induced to read the newspapers there will result greater profit for the vendors, as well as entertainment and instruction for the mothers and maidens of the land. But the new vocation on the part of the makers of newspapers who undertake to stir female curiosity, humor female whims and minister to the female appetite for miscellaneous information has developed a curiously varied estimate of the mental pabulum that finds the readiest market at the hands of the fair. Take the newspapers together, the matter prepared for the especial consideration of women forms a wonderful conglomeration. There is a mixture of the useful and the useless, of fashion and frivolity, of jumbles and jocosity, that is really startling. The illustrations which go with the reading matter are of an equally heterogeneous character. They run strongly to bonnets and legs, with occasional deviations toward more ambitious or important education. Let us give the eye what might otherwise remain dark to the understanding.

Probably newspaper publishers know, or think they know, what sells to best advantage. But have they not overshot the mark in the attempt to cater to the female fancy? Do not women read the newspapers for news? Would not all the legitimate news of science, fashion, art, invention and literature prove as attractive as gossip skirting the edge of nastiness or mere chatter and farrago? Are the publishers quite sure that when women have read the news of the day, including marriages, deaths and the fresh advertisements of the shops, they do not throw the paper down without consulting the "woman's page?"

Why not treat women in the newspapers as sentient beings? Why attempt to fence them off in a place by themselves? Why edit women's news from the whisper-snapper point of view of young collegians or women's tailors?—*Philadelphia Record*.

The Gentlewoman.

A gentleman smiles, but never laughs. She talks, but never questions. She is interested and sympathetic, but never presuming. She is so soft of voice that but one in an audience may hear her speech. She is clean, kind and quiet—quiet in her dress, her manner, her step and her speech. She is restful. She is good. She is womanly.

The Black Knot of Plum Trees.

It is now an established fact that kerosene oil will destroy the black knot of the plum and cherry. Paint the affected parts thoroughly, so as to saturate it with the oil. The growth of the fungus will be stopped, and in time the diseased part will fall off. All plum trees should be examined in July and August, and the oil applied wherever there is a sign of the disease.

Bad Luck at Poker.

Xantippe (as her spouse returned to his home)—Socrates, there is a flush on your cheeks! The Philosopher—Just my blame luck! An! I didn't have a flush in my hands all evenin'.

One of the paying professions of Paris is said to be that of a truck packer. He will fold expensive gowns in tissue paper and stow away delicate bric-a-brac in the safest way.

The actresses are varying the monotony caused by the frequent loss of diamonds. Rhea has no husband and Manola has no hydrophobia; but both have had their advertisement. Ah, those sly women—actresses.

Lady Tennyson is said to be taking great interest in the modeling of her late husband's bust, which the English sculptor, W. J. Williamson, has been commissioned to execute. He is staying at Aldworth.

more, 6 years old or over—\$50 premium, A. B. Scott & Son, Vanhook, Ont., Kate 2nd of Congress; 9th premium, Robert Davis, Toronto, Lady Dunmore; 10th premium, James Snell, Clinton, Gypsy Queen; 11th premium, James Davidson & Son, Balsam, Ont., Boyd Stone Lass.

Hereford, bull, 3 years or over—6th premium, F. A. Fleming, Weston, Ont., Commodore.

Bull, 2 and under 3—6th premium, same owner, Bison Beauty.

Bull, under 1 year—5th premium, same owner, Barnum.

Cow, 3 years or over—4th premium, H. D. Smith, Compton, Lady Tushingham 3rd; 14th premium, F. A. Fleming, Weston, Barbara; 15th premium, same owner, Lily Welton; 18th premium, W. D. Smith, Compton, Amy, 3rd.

Heifer, 2 and under 3—11th premium, H. D. Smith, Compton, Spot, 3rd; 12th premium, F. A. Fleming, Weston, Playful, 2nd; 13th premium, same owner, Lady Fenn, 5th.

Heifer, 1 and under 2—14th premium, F. A. Fleming, Weston, Lotus Beauty; 15th premium, H. D. Smith, Compton, Josephine, 2nd; 20th premium, same owner, Cherry, 25th.

Heifer, under 1 year—4th premium, F. A. Fleming, Weston, Lady Fenn, 2nd.

The horses and cattle are all now on the grounds; the sheep, pigs and poultry will follow later. The dog show, which was to have been a prominent feature, had to be abandoned, after a large amount of money had been spent in preliminary arrangements, owing to the impossibility of fixing a date which would not clash with those of important eastern shows. In horses,

EVERY BREED OF ANY MERIT

is represented, 1,017 head being on exhibition, including 21 head sent by the Czar of Russia, some of their pedigrees running back 125 years, and many which no amount of money would buy. They are under the charge of an officer of the Imperial Cavalry, and include heavy and light trotters, saddle horses and draft animals. All of them are beauties. Several have been bought by American breeders and will remain in the country.

The Imperial German Stables also send representatives of the leading breeds, under the charge of German officers, and all the most prominent American and Canadian breeders are more or less largely represented. Everybody loves a horse, and it is no wonder the stables are thronged all day long, ladies being among the most interested visitors. The judging of the horses began yesterday, 22nd inst; the Suffolk Punches coming first, and following them the other heavy breeds, a day to each, until the 8th September. The light horses will not be shown until towards the end of October, when the weather will be more suitable for speed competitions.

OF HORSES AT THE FAIR.

Ontario is represented in the horse classes by 67 animals, the individual exhibitors being as follows:

Cleveland Boy—Peter Arkell, Teeswater; A. C. McMillan, Erin; Thos. Irving, Winchester. Clydesdale—Adams Bros., Drayton; Coursey Bros. & Stewart, Lucan; John Duff, Rackwood; James Cherry, Nobleton; Robert Davies, Toronto; James Moffatt, Teeswater; Wm. McKay, Woodstock; D. and O. Serby, Guelph; S. C. Johnston, Manilla; John Davidson, Ashburn; R. D. Dundas, Springville; Wm. Innes, Bradford; Wm. Philp, Yelverton; A. E. Hocklin, Cebourg; Alex. Cameron, Ashburn; James Snell, Clinton; Jas. J. Davidson & Son, Balsam; A. B. Scott & Son, Vanhook; B. G. Ratcliffe, Anderson.

Suffolk Punch—Joseph Beck, Thorndale; Boyd, Messum & Co., Bobasagon.

Hackney—S. C. Johnston, Manilla; R. Beth & Co., Bowmanville; H. N. Crossley, Roseau; G. H. Hastings, Deer Park, Toronto.

Amerigo-Arab—J. B. Hall, Toronto.

THE JUDGING OF THE CATTLE

is going on simultaneously with that of the horses, and in the same pavilion, which is large enough for both and to spare. The cattle barns are thronged with visitors and divide the honors pretty equally with the equine stock. Some really magnificent herds are on exhibition, including the very best stock on the continent. In all 1,252 animals are in the barns, Canada contributing 233, which is a larger number than any of the States shows. The bulk of the exhibitors are from Ontario, and are as follows:

Short-horn—F. Birdall & Son, Birdall; W. B. Cookburn, Aylesbury; W. C. Edwards & Co., Rockland; W. G. Sanders, St. Thomas; J. & W. Russell, Richmond Hill; R. & S. Nicholson, Sylvan; John Morgan & Sons, Kerrwood; W. J. Higgins, Clinton; H. & W. D. Smith, Vanity. Hereford—F. A. Fleming, Weston.

Galloways—W. M. Kough, Owen Sound.
Devon—W. J. Radd, Eden Mills.
Jersey—J. L. Clark, Brampton; James
A. Blain, Glifford; J. C. Snell, Edmonton.
Holstein—J. C. McNiven & Son,
Winnipeg.
Ayrshire—W. Stewart, jun., Merrie;
Joseph Yull & Sons, Carleton Place;
Thomas Guy, Ottawa; W. M. Smith, Bar-
ford.

THE CANADIAN JUDGES

of horses and cattle are as follows: French
draft, Dr. D. McEachern, Montreal;
Clydesdales, E. W. Charlton, Dunrobin,
Ont. (consulting judge); Ayrshire cattle,
Geo. O. Buchanan, Quebec; Galloways,
McRae, Guelph; shorthorns, J. T. Gibson,
Deerfield, Ont. (consulting judge).

In the judging of the shorthorns it could
be seen at once that the prejudice was in
favor of the red skins. A white or light
roan had to be of extraordinary merit to be
even looked at, and a medium red would
score over a first-class whitest light roan.

No prizes were awarded to Canadians in
the Suffolk Punch class. The Ontario prize
winners for short horns were as follows:

Aged bull—3 and 9, W. B. Cockburn, Aber-
forth, British Chief and Greenhouse Chief;
10, W. C. Edwards, Rockland, Dr. Lenton; 12,
F. Birdsall & Son, Birdsall, Waverley.

Bull, 2 years—3, W. C. Edwards, Knight of
St. John; 4, W. C. Edwards, Knight of St. John;
Chief, 11, J. W. Russell, Richmond Hill,
Prince Royal.

Yearling bull—1, J. W. Russell, Lord
Stanley; 3 and 4, R. & S. Nicholson, Sylvan,
Valasco and Norman.

Bull—2, W. B. Cockburn, Indian War-
rior; 3, W. Russell, Prince Kumellar;
8, W. C. Edwards, Lyndhurst II.; 9, John
Morgan & Son, Kerwood, Goldfinger; 12,
G. Saunders, Daisy Prince; 13, W. B. Cock-
burn, Lord Saunders.

Aged cow—9, W. B. Cockburn, Village Lily;
13, W. C. Edwards, Bessie of Rockland; 17, J.
& W. Russell, Queen Mary; 19, W. C.
Edwards, Belinda; 22, W. B. Cockburn,
Wemple of Halton.

Heifer, 2 years—2, J. W. Russell, Isabella;
9, W. B. Cockburn, Nonpareil Prize; 12, W. C.
Edwards, Rosewater.

Heifer calf—5, R. & S. Nicholson, 21st Maid
of Sylvan; 7, J. W. Russell, Centennial Is-
abella; 8th, 10, J. W. Russell, Wemple Birdie;
10, John Morgan & Son, Sussex Maid;
11, R. & S. Nicholson, Lenox of Sylvan; 15, J.
& W. Russell, Rose of Antrim; 11th; 18, W. C.
Edwards, Moss Rose of Stratheville.

Heifer—7, J. & W. Russell; 9, W. C. Edwards;
10, W. B. Cockburn.

Young herd—1, J. & W. Russell; 5, R. & S.
Nicholson.

Good as the above showing is, there is
still more to the credit of the shorthorn
breeders. Among the aged bulls, the first
four were Ontario bred, though only one
was owned there at the time of showing, and
in a very large number of the prize takers in
the other sections there is a strong infusion
of Ontario blood. C. W. Young.

BRIBERY AT THE FAIR.

The Austrian Commissioner Accused of
Betraying His Country.

OW the Imperial Aus-
trian Commissioner,
Anton von Palltsochek-
Palmfort, is under a
cloud of disgrace.
Many of the Austrian
exhibitors are cursing
him roundly, and the
Director General
threatens to send a
squad of Cossack
guards to hang a veil
over the Austrian sec-
tion in the Manu-
factures Building.

Here Palmfort is accused of having
turned it into a mere sales-bazaar. Cheap
crookery-store articles were given pre-
minent places from the first and were quickly
plastered with "sold" labels. The
artistic exhibits have been relegated
to the obscure nooks. And now show-
cases have been put in and works of
art removed to make room. One show-
case is filled with lace, without any con-
cession having been obtained from the Ex-
position or any money being paid, except
\$2,800 to Radelph Kaho. He is accused of
being the middle man in the space selling
scheme, and Kaho, who lives with the
Austrian Commissioner General, divides the
profits with his chief. Dr. Palltsochek-
Palmfort admits that Kaho has acted dis-
honestly, but denies that he has been a
beneficiary of the man's imposition on legiti-
mate exhibitors. But a firm of brewers de-
clare that the Austrian Commissioner was
paid a large sum of money to have only
their beer at the Vienna. Almost
all of beer can be bought there, and
brewers have not received their money back.
Karl Schmidt, the juvenile violinist, who is
not allowed to play on Austrian day, be-
cause his father is a Bohemian, after spend-
ing fully \$200 in preparation, has entered



PUNISHMENT IN EFFIGY.

The Practice Has Prevailed in Every
Part of the World.

FLOGGING JUDAS IN PORTUGAL.

Curious Punishment in Effigy of a Dead
King—Guy Fawkes' Annual Sufferings—
Burning Cromwell.



THE notion of punish-
ment by effigy is as old
as the human race, and
the English word "effi-
giate," that has now
fallen into disuse, is
the verb that indicated
the form of punish-
ment that found its
expression in this way.

But the Anglo-Saxon
race, with its hard,
practical ideas, has almost discarded this
representative mode of punishment, and it
is only occasionally that outbreaks of
popular violence are expressed in this way.
Rarely has a man of strong ideas
ventured to enforce the principles in which
he believed without some corresponding
condemnation evidenced by the same crude
method as has been employed again with
Mr. Cleveland, and during the late civil war
the effigy of Abraham Lincoln was burned,
drawn and quartered in the presence of
audiences both numerous and delighted, and
at his death his assassin, John Wilkes Booth,
came in for his share of the same official
treatment.

At the time when President Garfield was
murdered Giteau was hanged in effigy, and
no punishment that the ingenuity of man
could inflict upon him was overlooked in the
treatment of the dummy that represented
the cowardly criminal. In England and Napoleon
Bonaparte for a number of years stood not
only as the hobgoblin for frightening chil-
dren into obedience, but it was the standing
diversion to

BURN HIM IN EFFIGY.

whenever the rural population found its life
so tame that it required some excitement
blended with the patriotic idea of ridding
Europe of its terror.

Philip II. of Spain, during the reign of
Elizabeth, was a favorite subject for the
puppet burners, and Oliver Cromwell was
burned so often in effigy that had his op-
ponents succeeded in their desires the here-
after would have had no terrors for one so
thoroughly prepared for it. The Duke of
Culloden, known as "the Batcher," was
burned in many towns after the battle of
Culloden, and another subject of universal
hatred was the Marquis of Argyle.

EFFIGIES IN JAPAN.

An effigy is, of course, merely a symbol,
and may be used as either an object of
adoration or of hatred, and the narrow lines
that divide these two sentiments are clearly
shown in the action of the Japanese girl
who, as we are told in the "Tales of Old
Japan," behaved thuswise to a faithless
lover: The maiden rises at 2 o'clock in the
morning, dresses herself in white and
carries a little straw figure—the effigy of
the faithless one—to the sacred grove
around some Shinto shrine.

The trees are supposed to be under the
special protection of the god to whom the
shrine is dedicated, and any injury done to
them arouses him to vengeance. So, taking
the effigy in her left hand and a hammer in
the right, she sacrilegiously nails the figure
to one of the holy trees, praying the God to
slay the traitorous youth and vowing that
if he grant her prayer she will pull out the
nails which offend the god by wounding his
consecrated tree. Night after night she
strikes in two or more nails, believing that
every nail will shorten her unfaithful
lover's life, because the god will be sure at
the last, in order to save his tree, to strike
the young man dead.

AMONG THE ROMANS.

This custom, which is current in Japan,
found its counterpart among the ancient
Romans, where the idea was not to punish
the lover, but to win him. A waxen image
was made, which was supposed to represent
the object of the girl's affections, and an-
other figure was made of earth, and when
made both were set before the fire and the
girl crowned this incantation:

As fire this image hardens, made of clay,
And this of wax with fire consumes away,
Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be,
Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.

gibbet, where it was hanged. The town of
Reading outdid even this. The covenant
itself was placed in prison immediately
after its condemnation by Parliament, kept
there until the 29th of May, dragged
through the streets by a rope and burned in
the public market place.

Admiral Byng received quite his full share
of public condemnation as expressed by the
treatment of his effigy. He was hanged at
Gates Head, Sunderland, Shields and New-
castle. In the last-named place the figure
was seated astride a donkey which bore the
legend, "This is the villain that would not
fight," and upon arriving at the appointed
place, after vicious mutilation, it was
burned.

In this country these outbursts against
the inanimate effigy are mainly and usually
confined to college boys, and legends and
other mathematical, abstruse and unpopu-
lar text book authors suffer an annual or-
amation which is usually the occasion for
harmless humor rather than bitter hatred.

WORKING WOMEN IN CHICAGO.

Some Facts About the Sweating System in
Chicago.

The Illinois State Bureau of Labor Statis-
tics has issued its seventh biennial report,
which is a volume of over 600 pages and
deals with three general subjects—working
women in Chicago, the sweating system in
Chicago and coal mining in Illinois.

Under the first head statistics are given
of the work, wages and condition of 5,099
women employed in 95 establishments in 43
industries and 474 different occupations in
the city of Chicago. Of these, 4,681 were
operatives, 418 office employees, fore-
women, etc. Twenty-one out of 4,526
worked for less than \$2 a week, and 17
received \$20 or more per week; 675 received
from \$4 to \$5; 860 from \$6 to \$7; 680
earned less than \$4 a week, and 1,429 were
paid from \$7 to over \$25 a week. The
average earnings of the whole num-
ber is \$9.22 a week. Forty-two and
nine-tenths per cent. of the whole
number received more than this, averaging
\$8.18 a week, and those who earn less than
this are 57.1 per cent., and they receive an
average of \$4.91 a week. The average of
administrative and official employees was
\$9.54 a week and of operatives proper \$5.93.

In regard to the sweat-shops a large mass
of statistics is compiled bearing on every
branch of the subject. There seems to be
about three times as many women as men
connected with these establishments, and
666 shops visited employ 10,933 persons,
of whom about one-fourth are men and
boys. There are 500 to 600 children 10 to
14 years old employed in the sweat-shops
of Chicago who should be at home, at
school or at play. There are as many
thousands of young girls in the shops and
several thousand other women who over-
work in crowded tenements and rooms a
part of the year and go hungry and needy
the remainder.

Of the shops mentioned 287 are in frame
houses and 475 in brick. Eighty-two per
cent. of the houses are one and two story
buildings, 32 per cent. are one-story and 50
per cent. two-story. Three hundred and
fifty-eight shops are on the first floor, 94 on
the second, 29 on the third, 8 on the fourth,
2 on the fifth, and 175 in basements, some
of them being from four to six feet below
the street grade. These basement shops
contain 2,649 employees. The physical
condition of these places, as described, is
wretched indeed.

The report concludes by calling attention
of the city to the direct and official effort
for the improvement of the condition of
these people.

A DOMESTIC WEAPON.

The Woman Who Wants a Strong Handle
on a Broom.

"Let me see your best brooms," said a
little woman excitedly, as she plunged into
a grocery store. "Green or dried?" asked
the grocer, putting his pen over his ear and
rolling up his sleeve, "I said brooms,"
snapped the woman. "And I meant
brooms," answered the grocer civilly, "but
there's a difference. Some are new made
and green, while others are dry and sea-
soned. Some women folks won't touch a
real dry broom—they allow the corn seeds
to come off in the sweeping." "I ain't say-
ing nothing about sweeping," said the
woman. "I want a good, strong broom
that is put together for all it is worth, and
a handle that won't snap the first time I
use it." The grocer trotted out his brooms,
and the little woman hefted each one with
a practised hand. Finally she selected one
that was unpainted and homely, but as
heavy as a cart wheel. "How much is that
one?" "Forty cents, ma'am. It's the

LONDON'S BIG TOWER.

The Eiffel Dwarfed 166 Feet by the
New Babel.

TWO HUNDRED STORIES IN MID-AIR.

Cockney's New Pleasure Paradise Rapidly
Nearing Completion—Best Bicycle
Track in England—Queen Victoria's
Eyes Going Wrong—Court Tondies All
Wear Glasses—Maids of Honor Taught
to Swim.



The long and exception-
ally fine summer has been
exceedingly favorable to the
operations being carried out
at a new suburban pleasure
resort called Wembley Park.
This new playground for
the London populace, which
is in the northwest of the
metropolis and in the county of Middlesex,
is only about twelve miles distant. It
will be in a way a replica of the
Crystal Palace without, of course, its mag-
nificent building, and, among other features,
will boast the highest tower upon earth.
The inception of the idea is due to Sir
Edward Watkin, a well-known railway
man, who has long been imbued with the
notion that the jaded tellers of Modern
Babylon had not sufficient amusement of a
healthy kind within their reach, and he has
accordingly set to work to provide it for
them. Fresh air the worthy knight holds
to be the chief essential to good health, and
in order to secure this in its very quint-
essence, he is building his tower, up which
he proposes to take the whole of London's
six millions of inhabitants, when they pro-
pose to visit him, at a charge of so much per
head, which will bring the cherished life
maintainer within the reach of all.

EIFFEL OUT-EIFFEL.

Watkin's Tower is to out-Eiffel Eiffel's
by 166 feet. The Parisian fabric stands
about 984 feet high above the level of the
Seine. The Wembley Tower is to rise to
1,150 feet above the summit of the prettily
wooded slope which itself attains to 150 feet
above the Thames at high water. For a
long time past the foundations have been
awaiting the superstructure. These con-
sist of four masses of concrete. To these
the feet of the tower have been firmly
bolted, and the superstructure is now fast
rising towards the level of the first plat-
form, somewhere about 150 feet in the air.
On this platform will be a concert hall with
20,000 square feet of floor space, and capable
of accommodating an audience of two or
three thousand people.

TWO HUNDRED STORIES IN MID-AIR.

At a height of about 450 feet there will
be another platform of smaller dimensions,
and here will be another hall. On both
levels there will be ample accommodation
for "refreshments." There will be restau-
rants, and in one way or another,
room will be found for 150 or 200
shops and stalls, and in addition to
these there will be various kinds of "slide
shows"; a third platform will be reached
at a level of 950 feet above the ground.
This will be the highest accessible point and
will be 30 feet above the top platform of
the Eiffel tower. Above this gallery will
be an ornamental summit, adding another
200 feet to the structure. Hydraulic lifts
will be provided sufficiently capacious and
rapid in action to carry up and down 60,000
visitors a day.

SOME QUEER DESIGNS.

At the outset of the enterprise the pro-
moters invited designs for the projected
structure, and offered a first prize of \$2,500
and a second of \$1,250. This brought in
within the stipulated four months 68 de-
signs, some of which came from the United
States, Germany, Australia, Sweden, Italy,
Austria, Turkey and Canada. Some of
them were exceedingly queer. One of them
appeared to have been suggested by the old-
fashioned pictures of the Tower of Babel.
It was to stand 2,000 feet high. There
were to be three tiers of spiral roadway wind-
ing to the summit. A touch of the modern was
to be given by a railway and a locomotive
engine and a train of carriages running half-
way up. The estimated cost was upwards
of \$15,000,000.

BABEL NOT IN IT.

Another was a reproduction in form of

last convict, one juvenile victim, who is not allowed to play on Austrian day, because his father is a Bohemian, after spending fully \$200 in preparation, has entered suit against Dr. Palitzsch-Palmfort for \$25,000.

MARKS OF IDENTIFICATION.

The Prison System of Measurement Taken From the Savages.

The science of modern anthropometry is constantly increasing its resources by introducing new measurements of various parts of the body, particularly among the criminal class. The measurement of the hands and fingers is now considered of vast importance in establishing personal identity. It is certainly curious, in view of this fact, to know that a similar process has been in vogue among savage tribes, who thus recognize their friends and foes. Captain Cupet reports that the inhabitants of Southern Annam place a thin bamboo rod between the middle finger and the ring finger of strangers, who invade their territory, on which they mark by notches the distance from the nail to the first phalanx and all succeeding ones. This bamboo rod is preserved. Every stranger is compelled to submit to this measurement. When they return after a protracted absence the rod is applied as mentioned, and their identity established as a friend, a newcomer or a foe. Captain Cupet, on his return to Annam, was always re-measured. He says that a similar method is practised in the Laos provinces.

ODDEST OF SIGNAL CLOCKS.

An Ingenious Timepiece to Indicate the Time Between Trains.

A novel railway signal clock, which indicates the time intervening between the passage of trains, is the invention of an ingenious Pennsylvanian. The engineer can readily tell by glancing at the dial the length of time which has elapsed since the preceding train passed that point. The clock runs regularly, and indicates the hours and minutes just as an ordinary timepiece does, but in apparatus throws the minute hand back to 12 at the time of the passing of each train. Then the hand moves forward in the regular way until the next train passes, when it is thrown back to 12. If the period between trains should be an hour or a longer period, then the minute hand will stop at 55 minutes and remain there until a passing train throws it back to 12. It will then once more begin its 55-minute journey.

The Folly of suicide.

The sin of suicide is not more evident than its folly. In the vast majority of cases the ill which provokes this desperate act derive their force not from the actual misery they inflict, but from nervous apprehensiveness. They are the shadows of clouds which threaten, but may and often do pass away.

It was one of the cruel ironies of fate that the suicide of M. Provost-Paradol, who had stultified his most brilliant writings by accepting a post—that of Minister from France to Washington—under the Second Empire, took place just as the Liberal cause, with which his name had always been associated, was on the eve of triumph.

When Mary Wollstonecraft, deserted by her American lover, paced up and down Putney bridge, saturating her garments with the rain so that they might not prevent her from sinking in the water, her life seemed indescribably dreary—without a ray of hope. Yet this very hour of despair proved to be the turning point in her history, and from it dated the truest bliss she had ever known—a period of wedded happiness and joyous work. And so with "the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride," Chatterbox. He poisoned himself in his wretched garret at the very time when the feet of one who would have relieved his poverty were turned toward the street in which he died.

A Doll's Stove.

A doll's stove can be made from a small oblong box. Cover the box with black paper. Cut out covers on the top of the box. Fasten on a strip of black paper rolled together like a funnel; and if you wish, make a hearth to the stove by pasting a strip of black paper to a piece of pasteboard, and turning down one edge by which to fasten it to the stove.

In 1620 the first large copper coins were minted in England, putting an end to private leaden tokens.

The Elizabethan ruff will be in vogue in the fall, and the fellow who attempts to kiss a fashionable girl will "get it in the neck."

GET CROUCH'S PATENT INFORMATION.

As fire this image hardens, made of clay. And this of wax with fire consumes away. Such let the soul of cruel Daphnis be. Hard to the rest of women, soft to me.

THE CUSTOM IN FRANCE.

In France execution by effigy acquired a legal right, and up to the time of the revolution was a solemn, judicially performed act. Both Diderot and d'Alembert mention the fact and attempt to defend it philosophically.

In the time of Louis VI Thomas de Marne, who was condemned for high treason, was officially executed, but the "Ordinance Calminelle" of 1670 commands this form of punishment only when the criminal is condemned to death. When under this Act the criminal was condemned to the gallows, banishment, the lash or the wheel his effigy was not to be publicly exposed and mutilated, but his name was exposed and spat upon by such passers-by as chose to avail themselves of this method of criticism.

EXECUTING EFFIGIES.

Under this same ordinance the criminal who was condemned to death and chanced to make his escape had his effigy made and delivered into prison. The executioner and his assistants and apparatus of punishment made their appearance, seized the image, carried it to the place of punishment and executed it as solemnly as though the living man was in their hands. At times it was permissible to deal thus with but one effigy, but in 1639 the Duke of La Vallée was beheaded in Paris, Bordeaux and Bayonne, although at the time he was supposed to suffer punishment in these cities he was actually enjoying life comfortably in England.

In 1793, at the Revolution Fesat, the Pope, Lafayette and the "coalesced tyrants" were burned together at Rheims.

Of course Guy Fawkes comes in for his annual and memorial punishment, and of course his punishment is by effigy, but a still more curious anniversary is that prevalent among the Southern European people and their descendants in Mexico of meeting out punishment in this way to Judas Iscariot, and on Maundy Thursday the inhabitants of the Mexican towns through the streets to exorcise, insult and otherwise express their disgust of the false disciple, whose effigy is hanged to lamp-posts and fired at with pistols, equis and crackers.

FLOGGING JUDAS.

The Portuguese sailors invariably take the opportunity on this occasion to manufacture a doll Judas, which they flog and otherwise despoitely treat.

In the *Cork Examiner* of 1868 there is a description of one of these scourgings:—"The traitor was led through the streets in solemn procession, his effigy being laid upon an open birch clad in the blue shirt and long boots of a stevedore. On returning to the ship the effigy was hung to the yardarm and so riddled with pistol shots that nothing was left save the rope by which it had been suspended. This punishment of Judas is one of the most time-worn and deeply ingrained customs of the Latin countries, and both in Mexico and in Europe the same fervor is exhibited in denouncing the effigy of the betrayer."

EXECUTING CHARLES V. IN EFFIGY.

A curious case of retroactive justice as exhibited in effigy punishment was that of the confessor of Charles V. He was convicted of heresy by the Inquisition, but, either fortunately or unfortunately, he died before the sentence pronounced upon him could be executed. Both the courts and the people resented this act on his part and clamored for an execution, whereupon an effigy was arrayed in the robes of a dead priest, the usual ceremonies were performed with scrupulous care, and the representative was burned in the presence of the vast crowd that had gathered to see justice done.

One of the most successful and popular of the effigy burnings that is known to history was that of Lord Bute in the Older counties of England, where the chronicler tells us that in the little town of Looemten "thousands stood by applauding."

Perhaps the most active year in which effigy punishment was rife was that of the first anniversary of the Restoration. The *Kingdom's Intelligencer* and the *Mercurius Publicus* announce that on the 29th of May, at Bury St. Edmund's, "the entire populace followed the reverend effigies of Hugh Peters.

THE COMMON HANGMAN

led the effigy of the Parliamentary Chaplain through the streets and the headie whipped him the while. H-lewerth lit up five hundred fagots to consume the effigy of Oliver Cromwell. At Exeter his image was nailed to 'a poor jade' and drawn to the

practised hand. Finally she selected one that was unpainted and homely, but as heavy as a cart wheel. "How much is that one?" "Forty cents, m'am. It's the biggest and best in the lot, though I don't look as fancy as the rest." "Forty cents! I've used up a hundred brooms since I married that last husband of mine, and I ain't never paid over a quarter, and I ain't gona to, what's more." "Madam," said the grocer, standing the broom up in a corner, "it ain't a broom that you want, in my opinion—it's a club." Then he backed discreetly behind the counter, and the sale was off.

Roman Wealth.

When L. Calpurnius Piso was appointed Governor of Macedonia for one year he drew for his outfit from the public treasury 18,000,000 sesterces or \$150,000. He did not want the money for that purpose; everything required by a proconsul was supplied to him by the Province. Piso simply took the money for himself, and lent it out in Rome at high interest. C. Verres was charged by Cicero with having robbed Sicily of \$350,000 in three years, besides many valuable works of art. He practically admitted his guilt by retreating from Rome without attempting any defence. Cicero, when Governor of the poor Province of Cilicia, found himself the richer in one year by \$20,000, and he was perhaps the only proconsul who ever handed over his surplus to the State.

There can be no doubt that Cicero and the younger Pliny received large sums from their clients while those clients were still living. Balbus is not likely to have secured the argument "Pro Balbo" for a mere trifle, and the gratitude of Sicily for the presentation of Verres undoubtedly took a very substantial form. Apart from all such honoraria, it is recorded that both Cicero and the younger Pliny received legacies from clients to the amount of \$170,000. Gibbon tells us, on the authority of Olympiodorus, that several of the richest senators had an income of \$160,000 a year—without computing the stated provision of corn and wine.

Price Paid for Slaves.

It is very curious to read in an old Roman history of the prices paid for slaves in the palmy days of the empire. As a general thing a laborer could be bought for about \$80 of our money, but after a province had been conquered or a great victory won hundreds would sometimes be bought for \$5 to \$10 each. After the siege of Jerusalem by Titus the price of slaves fell to \$4. Skilled laborers and artisans brought more. A gardener was worth about \$300, a blacksmith \$700; a good cook often brought \$2,500, an actor or actress \$6,000, and a physician \$10,000.

Saving to No Purpose.

It has sometimes happened that persons little deserving, and even rulers, have reaped the harvest which misers have painfully sown. The life of Vandille is a proof of this. The man lived upon bread and milk, with the addition of a small glass of sour wine on Saturdays. At his death he left \$800,000 to the King of France. And yet, the commonwealth miser, save \$400,000, all of which reverted to the Government.

Getting Into Shape.

"That man over there has eaten seven dishes of cucumbers," said the astonished waiter. "I wonder if he is trying to commit suicide."

"Naw," said the head waiter. "He rides in a bicycle race this afternoon and he wants to be in good shape for speed."

Was Telling the Truth.

"Do you call this a piece of watermelon?" said the indignant customer, sarcastically, to the waiter, pointing to a very small slab of red, on his plate.

"Certainly; you wouldn't have me call it a whole watermelon, would you, sir?" said the waiter, blandly.

Francis de Merinsu, 1666, wrote the name of Mississippi on his map as Messipi; Hennepin, 1680, wrote it Mesochipi; De Cote, 1698, called it Meohasepe. Father Marquette, 1673, is the first to set it down as Mississippi. The original word, meaning "father of waters," is from the Algonquin and is spelled "Meche-tebe."

By a simple rule the length of the day and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising, which will give the length of the night, and double the time of setting will give the length of the day.

way up. The estimated cost was upwards of \$15,000,000.

RABEL NOT IN IT.

Another was a reproduction in form of Cleopatra's Needle, standing over 2,000 feet high, and having its base split and spread out into four legs. Both the first and second prizes were awarded, and neither of the plans which thus bore off the palms has been adopted. The scheme now in so-called execution appears to embody some of the features of several of the proposals. The tower will be a light-looking and graceful structure of open steel work, rising from a base of about 300 feet square, the ground beneath and immediately around it being laid out as an ornamental garden. Sir Benjamin Baker is the engineer, and the 150 men at present engaged upon the work were all employed upon the Forth bridge.

FAIRY LAND FROM CHAOS.

The park itself apart from the dismal disfigurement inevitable in such a scheme is at present one of the most charming spots to be found anywhere within an equal distance of London. The entire area purchased was 250 acres, but a portion of this is to be destroyed by building, and the actual park may comprise 150 acres. This has been placed under the skill of a landscape artist, who has for the past year or two been doing all that may be done to substitute artificial for natural beauty, though the cunning of the artist has been handicapped by the many features required by a popular London playground. These consist of innumerable refreshment pavilions, merry-go-rounds and cinder bicycle tracks.

FINEST TRACK IN ENGLAND.

This has been constructed with mathematical accuracy, it is half a mile round, and will give one straight run of 350 yards. Six acres of the land will be devoted to cricket. The ground has been carefully levelled, turfed and rolled, and a handsome pavilion has been erected. There will be archery and tennis lawns, and there are tea-houses and refreshment pavilions in various parts of the grounds. The finest of these is the highest point of the park. It has the appearance of a large conservatory, and visitors may sit here and lunch or take tea or dinner in full view of one of the finest prospects in Middlesex.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SIGHT DECLINING.

Her Majesty's eyesight is falling, and the royal couple has frequently to be called into requisition. Her Majesty now has to use very powerful spectacles when it is necessary for her to sign State documents. The faithful Tilly undertakes whatever reading is necessary so as to save the use of her mother's eyes as much as possible. Blindness is hereditary in the family, for George III. suffered from it, but in his case it was supposed to have been brought on by excessive smoking. Shortness of sight seems to have suddenly affected many of the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, who are now mostly armed with spectacles and eyeglasses. This is carrying sympathy to an absurd degree, but such it is, and it is now quite the proper thing for a woman of the bed-chamber or a pretty maid of honor to adjust her *pince-nez* whilst conversing within and without the charmed circle.

ALL THE COURT TAUGHT TO SWIM.

There has been a great deal of sea-bathing at Osborne. On the private beach in Osborne Bay, near the little pier, is a bathing machine and also a large barge with a hollow centre, which can easily be run into the sea and the bottom is so arranged that the interior at once becomes a tank, in which the smallest children can be allowed to plunge about in safety. There is a floating bath in the bay about 200 yards from the beach which consists of a well about 20 feet by 10 feet at the bottom of which is a wooden grating, which can easily be adjusted so as to afford whatever depth of water may be required. This bath is enclosed by a screen and it has a dressing room attached. A small lifeboat manned by two sailors from the royal yacht is always in attendance in Osborne Bay. All those in attendance at the court are expected by Queen Victoria to take their maternal dip, and Her Majesty always questions those who come in contact with as to whether they found the water warm or cold. One of the Queen's chief pleasures is to survey the bathers from a grassy ridge where she sits in her donkey carriage, and makes frequent enquiries as to who is in the water or out of it. Her Majesty insists that everyone ought to learn to swim, including her maids of honor, and she has them all taught by competent instructors. All the small princes and princesses swim like young ducks, and the Queen gives them prizes for proficiency.